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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / MARCH 1967

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For Methodist Families / March 1967

After-Hour Jottings . . . If you think **this month's cover** is a little on the futuristic side—well, we must agree. But that's the way things are in the world's newest and most modern capital—Brasilia, subject of this month's center color section.

The photographer is **Don Rutledge**, an ordained minister of a Southern Baptist church, who has done a number of picture stories for us, both at home and abroad. Mr. Rutledge, who is eminently qualified to cover assignments for either church or secular magazines, recently moved from Murfreesboro, Tenn., to Decatur, Ga., and in addition to his free-lance photography is presently associated with the mission board of his church.

Incidentally, this month's color feature coincides with the observance of 100 years of Methodism in Brazil. The Methodist Church of Brazil, autonomous for 37 years, now has more than 57,000 members. As one feature of the cen-

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TOGETHER—the Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families
Vol. XI. No 3. Copyright © 1967, The Methodist Publishing House
Editorial Office: Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Phone (Area 312) 299-4411.
Business, Subscription, and Advertising Offices: 201 Eighth Avenue, S., Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Phone (Area 615) CHapel 2-1621.
TOGETHER is published monthly by The Methodist Publishing House at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203, where second-class postage has been paid. **Subscription:** $5 a year in advance, single copy 50¢.
TOGETHER CHURCH PLAN subscriptions through Methodist churches are $2.52 per year, cash in advance, or 63¢ per quarter, billed quarterly. **Change of Address:** Five weeks advance notice is required. Send old and new addresses and label from current issue to Subscription Office. **Advertising:** Write Advertising Office for rates. **Editorial Submissions:** Address all correspondence to Editorial Office, enclosing postage for return of materials. **TOGETHER** assumes no responsibility for damage to or loss of unsolicited manuscripts, art, photographs.

TOGETHER continues the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE which was founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX.

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JOTTINGS/ (Continued from page 1)

tenary, Brazilian Methodists will conduct a house-to-house visitation of some million homes.

It just occurred to us that there are two "Bob Browns" among our contributors this month. One is **Robert McAfee Brown**, who signs his name "Bob Brown," a Ph.D. on the staff of Stanford University [see *Those Revolting Students*, page 18]. The other is the Rev. **Bob W. Brown**, pastor of Trinity Baptist Church, Lexington, Ky. [See *Thanks a Lot!* page 41.] The coincidence, we think, merely highlights the diversity, versatility, and range of endeavor found each month in TOGETHER's family of writers. Here are ministers, housewives, teachers, counselors, bishops, professional writers, and a rancher-minister all wrapped up together between the covers of one issue. And each has something he or she very much wanted to say.

James W. Hill wanted to tell you how to quit smoking [page 31], and we want to tell you something about Mr. Hill. Although he is a professor of education

The Hills and their homemade "Jeep."

and chairman of the department of education at Virginia's Emory & Henry College, he also does a great deal of public speaking and writing, and is an amateur radio operator. But what goes on in the basement at the Hill home catches our fancy.

"I build little cars (not hot rods) with lawnmower engines," says Mr. Hill. "Every kid in the community, as well as my own two boys, enjoys driving these little cars in our yard."

He sends us a picture of one of the little cars. It is called "Bumpy" and, like the other cars, was built in the basement. It has a three-horsepower engine, and is equipped with sealed-beam headlights, backup lights, brake lights, direction signals, and a radio. With carmaker Hill in the picture are Mrs. Hill and their two sons, Bill and John, along with Sambo, their dog.

Young John, by the way, also is an amateur radio operator, having passed the FCC novice examination for license at the age of 11.

"At the end of 12 months, a novice must pass the examination for a general class license or go off the air," Mr. Hill says. "This included problems in mathematics and electronics far above John's fifth-grade education, but the thought of his having to go off the air was heartbreaking."

So, father and son enrolled in a technical school to study electronics. "John was the youngest member of the class, and I was the oldest," says Mr. Hill, "but we both passed!"

We mentioned in a footnote on page 43 that **Don Ian Smith**, author of *Satellites and Saddle Horses*, has a new book coming off the press. What we didn't say is that he comes to book authorship somewhat later than one of his daughters, Mrs. Heather Smith Thomas, whose *A Horse in Your Life* was published last November. Mrs. Thomas, in fact, "wrote" her way through college, selling some 50 articles. A Methodist minister on sabbatical leave from the Montana Conference, Mr. Smith teaches English and social studies at Salmon (Idaho) High School when he isn't living the life he loves on nearby Sky Range Ranch.

"I wish I could share with you the view from our picture window," he writes. "Our brilliant winter sunshine on the snow-covered mountains! Our valley in its Christmas decorations of snow, and fir, and pine!"

The late Dr. Ben F. Lehmberg, who died shortly after we received his contribution to this month's *Open Pulpit* [see *Have You Lost Your Bible?* page 54], told us of his 1965 visit to the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. One man, noticing that Dr. and Mrs. Lehmberg were Americans, asked where they came from. "Colorado Springs," they readily replied.

"Oh," the man said. "I have a good friend in Colorado Springs. I wonder if you know him?"

Dr. Lehmberg asked: "Who is he?"

The man replied, "A Dr. Lehmberg."

"Why, I am Dr. Lehmberg!"

The mystery was solved—it turned out that the inquisitive man was a shopkeeper who had shipped Jordan River water for Baptisms to Dr. Lehmberg. The order had been placed by members of First Methodist Church, Colorado Springs, who had visited the Holy Land several years before.

Mrs. Barbara T. Smith, author of *Death Was a Spooky Stranger* [page 22], is the wife of the Rev. Philip A. Smith, an Episcopal minister of Alexandria, Va. And the little boy she writes about, Jeremy, is one of their three children.—*Your Editors*

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—Don Rutledge, Black Star • Page 2—James W. Hill • 11—MI • 18—Wide World Photos • 28-29—George Crouter • 33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40—Don Rutledge, Black Star • 57—Edward Wallowitch, from *My Appalachia* by Rebecca Caudill, courtesy Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, Inc. • 4-24-25-26-27-41-46-49-50-51-52-53—George P. Miller.

Should Your Minister Be a Clerk?

Which jobs should a minister perform?

1

- ☐ PREACHING AND TEACHING
- ☐ WORKING WITH CHURCH SCHOOL GROUPS
- ☐ PERSONAL COUNSELING
- ☐ ENLARGING THE MEMBERSHIP
- ☐ REPRESENTING CHURCH IN COMMUNITY

2

- ☐ OPERATING OFFICE EQUIPMENT
- ☐ ANSWERING TELEPHONES
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Which List Would a Minister Choose?

Most ministers consider list number one to be of primary importance. Many of them could add to it. They've spent years of preparation developing skills in these areas. Despite these facts, the results of a survey of *Practical Problems of Ministers*, conducted by Ministers Life and Casualty Union, prove that too many of them are overburdened by responsibilities from list number two.

63% of the ministers interviewed felt that administrative work was taking too much of their time. 32% considered their staff's capabilities were a problem. 51% reported that their staffs were too small. And, 49% found their office equipment to be inadequate and outdated.

As a result of these inadequacies, 47% were finding too little time left for study and prayer. 62% reported too little time for leisure.

These are significant facts.

They indicate a problem that is becoming all too prevalent in today's churches. Dr. Seward Hiltner, Professor of Theology and Personality at Princeton Theological Seminary, told a conference on evangelism that ministers were sometimes expected to act "like hired hands or errand boys" because ministers and people had not developed proper understanding of the functions of the minister, and of the people's obligation to give him freedom to perform those functions.

What can be done about it?

Dr. Hiltner suggests one solution: "The most important aspects of administration involve joint cooperation of minister and groups of people in getting things done." Sometimes staffs should be enlarged, trained or paid better. Sometimes laymen themselves can help by assuming proper responsibilities. The minister's vocation is to help other Christians to assume their proper vocations. Real cooperation may require both new understanding and new equipment.

Some of our churches have grown to the point where it is wise to hire a business manager to take over administrative functions; others could consider additional part-time or full-time help. The growth of your church—both spiritual and physical—may well depend on it.

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The Church in Action

Wesley Foundation Study Recommends...

NEW Status for Campus Ministries

FINDING: METHODIST ministries on college and university campuses too often are hampered by antiquated images which treat Wesley Foundations as an "arm" or "agency" of the church.

Recommendation: The Wesley Foundation or other form of campus ministry should be considered the equivalent of a local church—not a church project, but *the church* serving the academic community.

These, in essence, are the key finding and the key recommendation contained in a penetrating study of Wesley Foundations and other campus ministries, conducted at some 200 state and independent colleges and universities the past three years.

The long-awaited study report was adopted by the Methodist Board of Education at its January annual meeting in Nashville, Tenn. A summary of its findings and the 16 approved recommendations now are being distributed to annual-conference officials, educators, student groups, campus and near-campus pastors, and other church leaders.

Specifically, the study recommends that the specialized ministry of the Wesley Foundation or other campus unit should be "accepted fully as The Methodist Church," and that its distinctive organizations should have such rights, integrity, and responsibilities as are necessary to the fulfillment of a ministry appropriate to the situation in which it functions. It states that the scope of a campus ministry may include congregational worship, preaching, pastoral care, administration of the Sacraments, reception of members, and other local-church functions.

The study was presented to the board by Bishop James K. Mathews, chairman of the Committee on Consultation for the Study of Wesley Foundations.

In many respects, the Wesley Foundation study underscores a need to recover the fullness of vision which characterized the first Wesley Foundation, organized in 1913 at the University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois. It was described by its founder, Bishop James C. Baker, as "a shrine for worship, a school for religious education, a home away from home, a laboratory for training lay leaders in churchmanship, and a recruiting center for the ministry, missionary service, and other church vocations."

The study was ordered in 1963 with the somewhat limited perspective of marking the 50th anniversary of the Urbana Wesley Foundation and projecting the movement's goals for the next half century. But the Rev. Samuel N. Gibson, now Wesley Foundation director of Greater Pittsburgh, went into the project with such thoroughness that it soon developed into a massive, in-depth research effort. His original document of some 800 typewritten pages has been compressed into a somewhat more wieldy 95 pages by Dr. Woodrow A. Geier, of the Board of Education's Division of Higher Education.

The problems and opportunities to which the report and its recommendations speak are enormous. There may not be much to surprise those close to the campus. But it will be heartening to many that Methodism finally is taking a close look at the campus ministry, and the church-at-large will find the study illuminating. Hopefully, it will point the way toward more creative strategies to serve the needs of the campus ministries, to clarify roles and relationships, to upgrade training and evaluation of workers, and to provide a more-skilled interpretation of the church's place in the university world.

Ecumenical OK: Board approval of the study report firmly commits the Methodist campus ministry to an ecumenical position. Specifically, it recommends that Wesley Foundations and other Methodist student groups work within the University Christian

The original Wesley Foundation serves the University of Illinois, Urbana. Present director R. B. Garrison shows a student the portrait of its organizer, Bishop James C. Baker.

Movement (UCM), share staff through the United Ministries in Higher Education, and participate in other co-operative or united ministries at the local-campus level.

The UCM is a new national alliance of 11 Protestant, Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, and Anglican campus groups. It was formed last September when the National Student Christian Federation (of which the Methodist Student Movement was part) voted itself out of existence. Charlotte Bunch, a Methodist from Washington, D.C., is UCM's first president, and Methodism's avant-garde magazine, *motive*, is its official publication.

Besides local-church status for the campus ministry and more ecumenical muscle, the study recommends:

- An inclusive approach to the mission in the university by recognizing the shared but distinctive roles of the home church, the near-campus church, and the Wesley Foundation.
- Deployment of national staff on a regional basis for increased availability and effectiveness.
- Continued accreditation of campus-ministry units, but with more flexible standards.
- Special training and evaluation procedures for campus ministers.
- Restudy and reorganization of local foundation boards.
- Improved interpretation of the campus ministry to the whole church.

The New Breed: Anything touching the younger generation is in constant flux. Campus ministry programs of yesteryear lose their power in the supercharged atmosphere of modern higher education. On most campuses, the Sunday-morning Bible classes, the Sunday-evening meetings with suppers, speakers, and square dancing are gone forever.

Today's student, especially in urban schools and large universities, is "turned off" by traditional programs and methods. He's serious, sophisticated, determined to assert his freedom, impatient with institutions, and disdainful of piety and moralism.

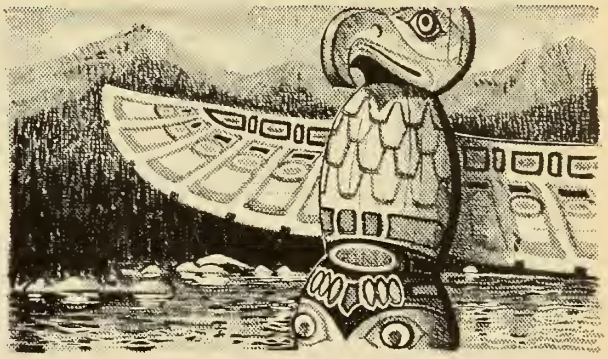
Campus ministries can capture the interest and allegiance of the new breed only when they pursue the promising, the experimental. One of the more interesting parts of the study deals with a sampling of student attitudes. It speaks eloquently of a need for new directions.

Methodist students admitted their religious practices had declined. Like the general student population, they are busy with vocational education and have little time for extracurricular life, including religion.

They refuse to identify doubt and uncertainty with lack of faith. There is a subtle shift from the idea of God

TOURS

1967 METHODIST ALASKA CRUISE



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as Person to a more abstract notion of God as Power; hence, there is less prayer.

Methodist students define sin in a nonlegalistic way. Sixty-nine percent think an ethical or moral decision may be right in one situation and wrong in another.

Where should the church devote its greatest attention? Half of the Methodist students gave answers in service, social action, and reconciliation categories. Thirty-five percent chose religious education, worship, and fellowship. Only 15 percent checked "evangelizing individuals."

Church Dropouts: One of the problems highlighted by the study is that relatively few college students are well grounded enough in their Christian faith to cope with the tensions of campus life. As a result, "too often the Wesley Foundation is forced to be a remedial Sunday school," the report said. The research also indicated another possible reason for church dropouts: Too few local churches are telling their precollege youth about what to expect from campus ministries.

Tensions between local churches and the campus ministry were cited as a major reason why Methodism has failed to realize its full potential in the academic community.

Near-campus congregations generally are proud that "this is where the college students attend." At the same time, they may resent the extra demands imposed by students who "don't pay their own way." There are complaints that the Wesley Foundations do not appeal to large numbers of rank-and-file students but to intellectuals and "bearded rebels."

Some church leaders tend to question student and campus minister activity in civil rights, church reform, and program experimentation. Some churches expect the Wesley Foundation to shield students from the secular university atmosphere. Church people are hurt and angry when the campus ministry is harshly critical of the institution which supports it.

Campus leaders complain that local churches are often antiuniversity, anti-intellectual, anti-Wesley Foundation, and shamelessly self-centered. Campus ministers, they say, are second-class citizens in annual conferences. The study expresses hope that the campus ministry will come to be recognized as a "specialized vocation" with special training and tenure, and not just a "place for a preacher to get some experience."

The study expresses doubt that the near-campus church can fulfill the student's priority need for "congregation." Research showed that students too often are relegated to roles as spectators and visitors by churches which see their primary task as ministering to residential families.

New Directions: For this and other reasons, Sunday-morning worship services are found in an increasing number of campus ministries. One in six of the 180 campus ministers surveyed said their groups had Sunday services, and 33 others were in favor of starting them. The services have been generally well received, although some have been started and continued in the face of opposition from near-campus pastors, laymen, and conference officials.

Other positive answers to "what's happening" in Wesley Foundations:

- *More courses in religion*, study and discussion groups, and retreats (all with more stress on intensive work in smaller groups), social-action projects such as tutoring slum children, weekend work camps, summer service projects, travel-study seminars, and leadership training conferences.
- *In social action*, students are interested in racial justice and increasingly, because of Viet Nam, in issues of war and peace. The campus ministry is vitally involved in interpreting to students such projects as the Peace Corps, VISTA, and other anti-poverty programs.
- *Recruiting* for Christian vocations continues to be a major Wesley Foundation function. There is conflict, however, over what church leaders expect and what campus-ministry directors deliver in enlistment for full-time church-related vocations.
- *Resurgence of the arts* is a definite trend. The greatest use is being made of folk music and drama, but program planners also utilize lectures on art forms, films, poetry, novels, painting, sculpture, and jazz. The coffeehouse still looms large as a modern equivalent to the church-sponsored recreational event.
- *"Covenanted studies communities"* and adaptations of the Christian Faith and Life Community are catching on.
- *Service to special groups* beyond the single undergraduate is a growing reality to married students, foreign and graduate students, commuters, and university faculty.

The Larger Issue: Churchmen concerned with campus ministries will be digesting, discussing, and implementing the Wesley Foundation study for many months to come. It is certain to have impact not only on campus programs but on Christian education for youths in local churches everywhere.

Broader implications of the study suggest that the central issue facing Methodism has to do with the nature of the church. The denomination needs a new definition of the local church to correct the persisting tendency to view the traditional parish as the church's only legitimate manifestation and the campus church as only an extension of it. Hence the study has implications not only for the campus ministry, but for the church at large. —WILLMON L. WHITE

METHODISTS, CATHOLICS FIND COMMON FAITH

At a time when news media tend to trumpet a coffee break between clergy of different faiths as "an ecumenical event," Methodist and Roman Catholic leaders are quietly conducting formal theological discussions.

At a three-day closed session of conversations and Bible study last December in Chicago, 24 representatives of the two churches found "large areas of basic agreement" in examining the nature of Christian faith.

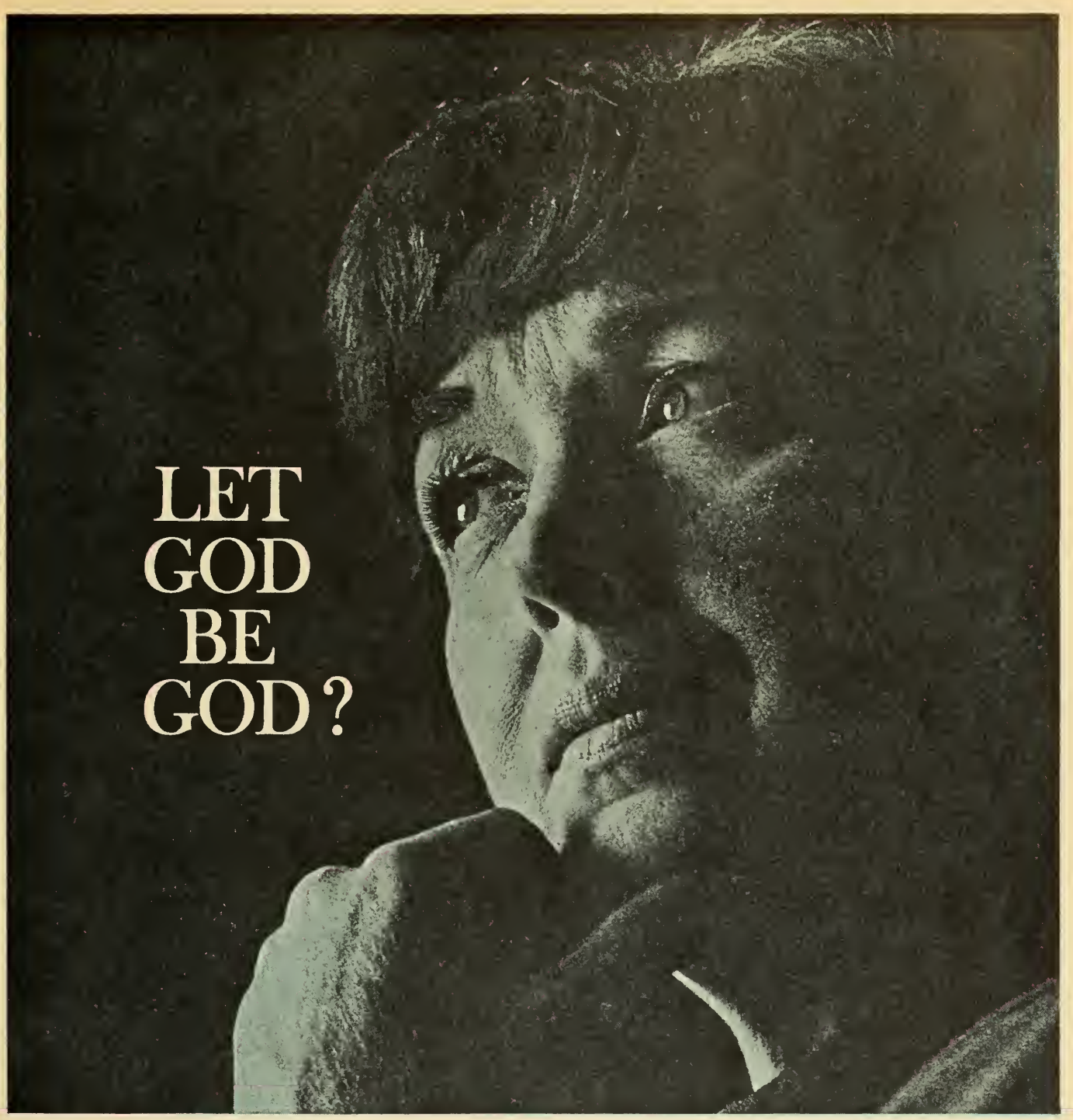
According to a summary memorandum, the sessions "raised the hope . . . that the way has been opened for further 'breakthrough' in discovery and mutual understanding." Delegation leaders were Methodist Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Columbus, Ohio, chairman of the denomination's Commission on Ecumenical Affairs, and the Most Rev. Joseph B. Bruini, apostolic administrator of the Diocese of Natchez-Jackson, Miss.

The summary statement said Catholic participants were impressed by the role and influence of early church tradition which is characteristic of historic Methodism and John Wesley. Methodists were "encouraged by the absence of both polemical and intellectualistic emphases in the Catholic presentations."

Key discussion papers on aspects of faith were presented by Dr. John Deschner of Southern Methodist University's Perkins School of Theology; and the Rev. Robert F. Quinn of the Catholic Information Center, Boston, Mass.

Concerning faith, the summary paper stated that "both groups agreed that saving faith is not merely an intellectual acceptance of the revelation of God. The faith that saves, in both Catholic and Methodist teachings, is the total committal of the whole man who . . . gives himself entirely to God . . ." Even the vocabulary of faith in Methodism and Catholicism was found "more nearly similar" than participants realized.

The Chicago conversations were the second in a series of Christian-unity talks between ecumenical leaders of the two churches. The next



You have a right to know why you should "Let God Be God."

Stop a minute and think about it. Right now, you have some "god" at the center of your heart—some object of desire which you hold dearer than anything else in life. Everybody does. You can know what this "god" is by answering a simple question: "What do I think about most of all?"

Friends . . . money . . . education . . . pleasure . . . job . . . status . . . health . . . self . . . wife . . . husband . . . children . . . art . . . possessions . . . all of them are important.

When you were a child your whole world revolved around your mother and father. Then life expanded. New people, new thoughts, new desires struggled for your attention.

But the living experience teaches a disturbing lesson. People and things you dearly love often fade from your concern. Or they turn away. Or they disappoint you. And you look for something else to satisfy your days and nights.

A wise man who lived a long time ago said it is God who "satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

God made you for Himself. He is the One who can provide the love and security you crave. He is the One who will never leave you. He is the Core upon which all else turns. Here then is the only right reason for letting *God* be God in your life.

Choosing a lasting center for the only life you have is an extremely crucial matter. It is the most important choice you will ever make.

The Bible explains why God can satisfy your longings. We come to you every day to help you figure out how you can let God be the center of your life. Write us for a listening schedule.

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session, set for June 28-30, will center on "The Holy Spirit and the Church."

Other Methodist participants included Bishops James K. Mathews of Boston and Thomas M. Pryor of Chicago; Dr. Eugene L. Smith, U.S. secretary for the World Council of Churches; Dean William R. Cannon of Emory University's Candler School of Theology in Atlanta.

Also, Dr. Robert W. Huston, general secretary of the Commission on Ecumenical Affairs; Dr. Chester A. Pennington, Minneapolis pastor; Dr. Dolphos Whitten, Jr., of Oklahoma City University; Dr. Albert C. Outler of Perkins School of Theology; and Miss Dorothy McConnell, Woman's Division executive of the Methodist Board of Missions.

Brazilians Mark Centennial

Brazilian Methodists will observe their centenary year in 1967 with emphasis on thanksgiving, public celebration, evangelistic and missionary outreach, and church-mission study.

Autonomous for 37 of its 100 years, the Methodist Church of Brazil has maintained close ties with its North American parent. U.S. missionaries and monetary support have helped Brazilian Methodism to build a membership of 57,000 and become a vital Christian force in Latin America [for

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TV *this month*

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

MY SECOND favorite columnist in this magazine is Bishop Gerald Kennedy *(Browsing in Fiction)*. Throughout my career, I often have quoted him and did so here last month. Meanwhile, in his column introductions in two recent issues, I fear my friend the bishop has quit browsing and gone to meddling.

In contrasting books and television, he has lined up some good guys and some bad guys. If I understand him correctly, the good guys are the "fellowship" of people who read, those who "share ideas and criticisms," those who invest time and energy to understand. Other good guys are "iconoclasts and nonconformists," those who have not "bowed the knee to Baal," and every now and again "lonely rebels" who gain a wide response.

The bad guys are those "who watch TV all evening," "last night's TV show," conformity, and the "pressure of TV commercials and mass communication."

Now who can argue with those two lineups? Such a lexicon of virtues and vices almost swept me down to the local lending library. However, before I could go, I just had to watch *The Glass Menagerie*. (I recommended it and couldn't just walk out.) Somehow that tender, intimate, and inimitable two hours, despite all TV's vices, drew me into a web that stirred my mind and warmed my heart.

Not only that, but the next day I was part of a number of conversations concerning the experience—conversations that had all the qualities of fellowship. I look forward to the next telecast of the Tennessee Williams play. Come to think of it, I have been participant lately in more conversations about quality TV programs than about books. (Yes, I do read, too.)

Now, I can buy the bishop's good guys utterly. And I think I even could add a couple. Further, I am willing to concede TV's faults. What I do maintain, however, is that such juxtaposing of good guys and bad guys will not hold up.

How do you explain that the book business has increased fourfold in the 14 years since TV became a truly mass medium? William Jovanovitch of Harcourt, Brace "believes with many other experts, that television, for instance, 'has increased the use of books by contributing to an *ambiance* of information, art, and instruction. Greater assimilation of information means greater literacy, and greater literacy means greater use of the language. And that's good for us'" [*Time*, December 16, 1966]. Surely that ought to do something for TV's bad guy status.

And, *Time* continues, "few of the approximately 2,500 novels that are produced every year are really worth reading." It quotes Jason Epstein as saying, "People look elsewhere for what they once got from novels—it may be to social writing or maybe TV, depending on who they are."

All of which leads me to the point that you can find quality or crud in every medium, and you have to search for the nuggets. Run your eye down the following list of programs. Some of them ought to qualify for your "don't miss" list. If a few fail to turn out as promised, keep a good book at hand. You will find some of *those* listed in the bishop's column.

February 19, 1-1:30 p.m., EST, on ABC *Directions—What's Folk Music All About—Protest Songs*, with Judy Collins.

February 19, 1:30-2 p.m., EST, on NBC *Frontiers of Faith—International Order*, with Paul Deats and Donald Barnhouse.

February 19, 4-5 p.m., EST, on NBC *—Losers Weepers*. Premier drama on NBC *Experiment in Television*. Written and produced in Watts as a product of the Schulberg writers' workshop.

February 19, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Inquiry into Control of Possession and Use of Firearms in the U.S.*

February 21, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on CBS—*Young People's Concert*, highlights young American composer Charles Ives.

February 23, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC—*C'est La Vie*, with Maurice Chevalier.

February 26, 1-1:30 p.m., EST, on ABC *Directions—Folk Music*.

February 26, 1:30-2 p.m., EST, on NBC *Frontiers of Faith—Political Power and Freedom*, with Paul Deats and Donald Barnhouse.

February 26, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Jack and the Beanstalk*, produced and directed by Gene Kelly.

March 5, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Rabbit Hill*, dramatization of prize-winning book on NBC *Children's Theater*.

March 6, 9:30-11 p.m., EST, on CBS *—Mark Twain Tonight*. Hal Holbrook recreates his Broadway hit.

March 6, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC—*Ivan Ivanovich*, a typical day in the life of a Soviet citizen.

March 9, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC *—Trilogy—The American Boy*, one part of which is the award-winning "Skater-dater."

March 16, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*End of the Trail*, tragic story of the life and fate of the Plains Indians in the 1870s.

March 16, 10-11 p.m., EST, on ABC *—100 Years of Laughter*. Harry Belafonte traces Negro humor from slavery to the present. □

an example of that vitality, see *Brasilia: A New World Capital,* page 33].

The centennial-year observance will be highlighted by house-to-house visitation of an anticipated 1 million homes, a special week of thanksgiving, July 30-August 6, with a *Grand Concentracao* (great public gathering) in Rio de Janeiro, and thanksgiving services in local churches coupled with a mission fund drive to raise 100 million cruzeiros (about $50,000).

Bishop Holt Dies

Bishop Ivan Lee Holt, ecumenical pioneer and first president of the World Methodist Council, died at home in Atlanta on January 12, three days after marking his 81st birthday.

Bishop Holt

Funeral services were conducted at St. John's Methodist Church in St. Louis, Missouri, where he was pastor for 20 years before election to the episcopacy in 1938. He was serving as bishop of the Missouri Area when he retired in 1956.

In addition to serving top Methodist posts, Bishop Holt was president of the Federal Council of Churches (forerunner of the National Council of Churches) and was active in the World Council of Churches.

Survivors include his wife, the former Modena McPherson Rudicill of Georgia, and a son, Judge Ivan Lee Holt, Jr., of St. Louis.

Continue EUB Union Work

Further steps toward formation of the proposed United Methodist Church have been taken by key Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren planners.

Action by the Joint Executive Committee for the Commissions on Church Union at a mid-December meeting included:

- Provision of committees to restudy Part IV of the Plan of Union (Organization and Administration), and a commission to study administrative structures of the new church.
- Approval of the official record from the Joint Conference Committee on Legislation of the two General Conferences held at Chicago last November.
- Authorization to publish the Constitution for The United Methodist Church with Enabling Legislation and other related documents. A printing of at least 100,000 copies will be distributed to voting ministers and lay members of the 1967 annual

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conferences. The 68-page booklet also will be available through merchandising outlets of both churches.

• Selection of April 21-24, 1968, as dates for the uniting conference of the proposed United Methodist Church in Dallas' Civic Auditorium.

The United Methodist Church, as approved by the General Conferences of the two denominations, will come into being if two thirds of the aggregate voting members of the annual conferences of each church ratify the Plan of Union this year.

Ship Cattle to Asia

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR) was one of the chief contributors to the organization that recently made shipments of purebred cattle to both India and Thailand.

Heifer Project, Inc., bought the milk cattle and the individual governments paid transportation costs. They will be used in both countries to upgrade indigenous cattle.

By means of crossbreeding, offspring of these cattle will produce three or four times as much milk as the cattle of India and Thailand now do. The purpose of the program, in the words of an Indian official, is to initiate "a multiplier effect in the improvement of the health of the people in particular and the economy generally."

Heifer Project, Inc., originally began shipping cattle to Thailand and India in 1954 and 1955 respectively. This year they will be but two of 21 countries receiving such aid.

Taize Brothers in Chicago

Seven brothers of Taizé, world-famous Protestant ecumenical community in France, and five Franciscan monks from Canada and the United States are joining to form the first interreligious community of its kind in Chicago.

The 12 self-sustaining brothers' mission is to make their "presence of reconciliation" felt in the ghetto.

Six will work at jobs to support the total group and six will serve in the community. Two of the "working members" will lecture at the Urban Training Center and four will take factory jobs. All 12 will live a common life in rented quarters in the slums, paying their own way without accepting contributions.

The brothers will remain in Chicago from one to three years. Their normal pattern is to stay in a place of crisis for a limited time only.

Study Lay Church Careers

With increasing numbers of laymen in full-time church careers, should they be subject to churchwide standards, benefits, and recognition?

To answer this question, the Methodist Committee to Study the Employed Lay Career Worker has been organized to present specific recommendations to the 1968 General Conference.

While the 23-member committee, headed by Bishop Eugene Slater of San Antonio, came up with no final recommendations at its first meeting in November, there was agreement on certain points:

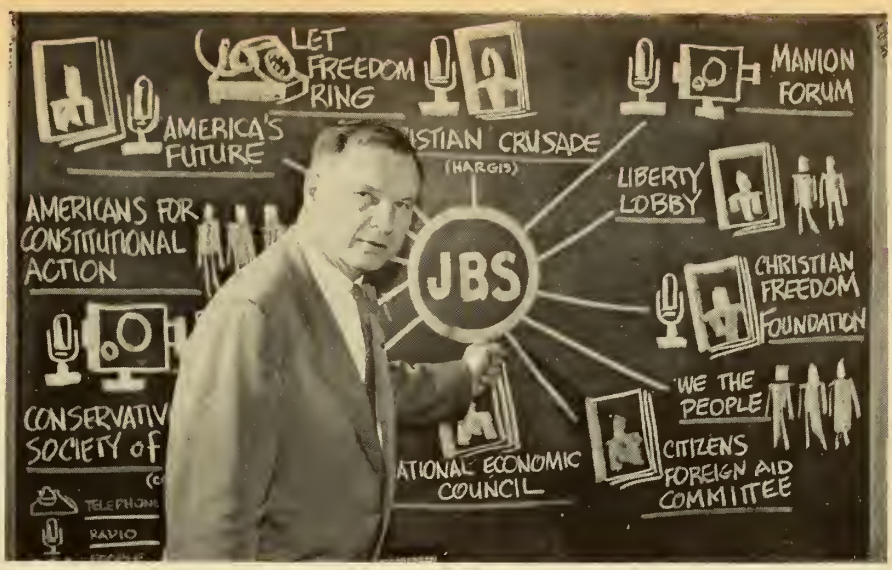
• There should be some churchwide standards for lay career workers.

• There should be some churchwide plan for certain financial support factors, such as pensions.

• There should be some kind of commissioning service for lay workers.

• Each lay worker should have a relationship to an annual conference.

Persons from three Methodist agencies—the Board of Education, Commission on Deaconess Work, and Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations—make up the committee.



Dr. Franklin H. Littell, president of Iowa Wesleyan College and chairman of the new Institute for American Democracy, diagrams a group of right-wing organizations in the "John Birch Society orbit" which the institute plans to combat through educational means. A 48-member interfaith supporting committee includes Methodist Bishop A. Raymond Grant of Portland, Oreg. The institute plans a full-time program to educate Americans about "the threat to the democratic middle ground" from extremists of the radical right and left.

Fight Oklahoma City Poverty

A suburban church and an inner-city church have joined forces to help children in one of Oklahoma City's poorest areas.

Seeking to help slum children rise above their environment, Aldersgate Methodist Church in suburban Del City and McKee Methodist Church have formed a community-action board.

The churches hope to secure help from federal antipoverty programs in their efforts to renovate a building of McKee Church as a day-care center for children of working mothers, and to provide recreation and education facilities for both youngsters and adults. Initial surveys used in mapping out the program were made by local Volunteers in Service to America (VISTA), the domestic Peace Corps.

Mrs. Mable Thacker, pastor of McKee Church, sees the program as the community's biggest single hope to outgrow poverty. "If you teach a person . . . to work and seek a career when he's young, he'll rise above the poverty state of mind," she said.

Church School Interest Sags

Declining Sunday church-school attendance, a poor stewardship record, lagging progress in human relations, and growing skepticism about basic Christian truths were cited as significant challenges as the Methodist Board of Education met in Nashville, Tenn.

Bishop O. Eugene Slater of San Antonio, board president, observed that in some churches there is little opportunity to raise live, relevant questions with pastors and teachers.

He expressed hope that the board's "Call for a New Day in Christian Education" program will change the total picture for the better.

Dr. Howard M. Ham, new general secretary of the Division of the Local Church, reported on a year-long study of 61 Methodist churches and their member participation in Christian education. He said it revealed that "Methodists are not doing their homework." It was reported that circulation of Methodist church school literature

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Matt. 25:40

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decreased 6 percent in 1965-66.

Average Sunday-school attendance in 1965 (the last year complete figures were available) was 3,623,471 as compared to 3,713,675 in 1960. Indications are that the attendance decline continued in 1966.

Calling for "creative analysis, thoughtful planning, and bold action" to counter such trends, Bishop Slater also expressed concern over Methodist giving. With an annual per capita giving of $61.42, the denomination ranks 36th among 44 major Protestant bodies.

Dr. Myron F. Wicke of the board's Division of Higher Education reported a 1965-66 enrollment of more than 184,000 at Methodist-related universities and colleges—a healthy increase. Giving for schools and Wesley Foundations increased $1 million to nearly $18.5 million. The church loaned $1,104,825 to 2,835 Methodist students, and granted 566 National Methodist Scholarships and 48 graduate awards totaling $319,583.

Inclusive Church 'Ambassador'

A pert and pretty inner-city worker is Methodism's first "special ambassador to the inclusive church."

On January 1, Miss Patricia Jarvis started an eight-month special assignment with the Methodist Board of Evangelism. For two years, she was based at Union Methodist Church in Brooklyn, N.Y., and served the inner city in a section where rioting broke out only a month prior to her 1964 arrival in the area.

She will be telling of her work to the church-at-large, in youth weeks and rallies, at summer institutes, campus churches, Sunday services, seminaries, and to inner-city groups.

"This young lady communicates," says Dr. Lawrence Lacour, head of the evangelism board's leadership development section. "She has a story to tell and she tells it with directness and power." Dr. Lacour says his section is interested in putting other such people in the field.

Dr. Lacour defined the "inclusive church" which Miss Jarvis will serve as "the church of the 'Good News of the Gospel' which makes all people one, regardless of race, social status, or economic condition."

A graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, Miss Jarvis plans to enroll this September at the Methodist School of Theology at Claremont in California. Her parents live in Wheeling, W.Va.

'Free University' at DePauw

Student leaders at Methodist-related DePauw University in Greencastle, Ind., won administration approval for a "free university" this term.

As a four-week experiment, eight subjects are being taught mostly by students themselves. They include courses on guerrilla warfare (for those who wind up in Viet Nam), the sex revolution, civil rights, and liberalism.

Unlike "free universities" born as protest movements, DePauw's venture is an extracurricular project designed to prick the social consciousness of undergraduates.

Unofficial "dean" of the noncredit, nontuition project (no exams or grades, either) is Bruce Montgomerie, a straight-A student and all-conference football player from South Bend, Ind. He is quick to point out: "It's just supplementary curriculum. We're not a bunch of beatniks, and

New Methodist Congregations

The 13 new Methodist congregations below, all constituted late in 1966, are listed with location, name of the new church, charter date, organizing pastor, and membership.

Batesville, Ark.—Southside Methodist Church, October 2. Charles Nance; 60 members.

Branford, Conn.—Branford Methodist Church, October 2. Douglas Farnill; 40 members.

Charlotte, N.C.—Sharon Methodist Church, October 2. John L. McWhorter; 60 members.

Arlington Heights, Ill.—Church of the Incarnation (Methodist), October 9. William R. Miller; 60 members.

Newark, Texas—Newark Methodist Church, October 9. Roland Q. Humphrey; 42 members.

Columbus, Ga.—St. John Methodist Church, October 16. Woodrow W. Brown; 16 members.

Camillus, N.Y.—Immanuel Methodist Church, October 23. Leonard B. Whitney; 208 members.

San Antonio, Texas—River Side Methodist Church, October 30. Gregorio Valenzuela; 26 members.

Brooklyn Park, Minn.—Riverview Methodist Church, November 6. Frank DeCourcy; 65 members.

Atlanta, Ga.—North Springs Methodist Church, November 20. Gerald Jacobson; 37 members.

Norcross, Ga.—John Wesley Methodist Church, November 27. Tom Lanford; 32 members.

Tupelo, Miss.—Lee Acres Methodist Church, November 27. Gerald Krueger; 18 members.

Ozark, Mo.—Methodist Church of Ozark, November 27. L. M. Starkey, Sr.; 20 members.

New congregations should be reported directly to the Rev. Charles D. Whittle, Methodist Board of Evangelism, 1908 Grand Ave., Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

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2. We cover both sickness and injury. Our Plan covers hospitalization for every conceivable kind of accident and sickness except: pregnancy, childbirth or complications of either; pre-existing conditions; intoxication (of a covered person); unauthorized use of narcotic drugs; mental conditions; injury or sickness due to war or any act incident to war. Hernia is considered a sickness, not an injury. Confinement in a government hospital is not covered, nor is any person covered while in armed services of any country (but in such cases, a pro-rata refund of the premium would be made).

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☐ YES ☐ NO If "yes" explain fully.

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Epilepsy, mental disorder, cancer, diabetes? ☐ YES ☐ NO

Tuberculosis, paralysis, prostrate trouble? ☐ YES ☐ NO

Heart trouble, eye cataract, disease of female organs, sciatica? ☐ YES ☐ NO

If "yes" explain fully.

I certify that, to the best of my knowledge, I and all Family Members listed above are in sound condition mentally and physically and free from impairment except _____

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the free university is not a radical type of thing." He feels that campus disturbances have seriously marred the image of today's college student, and says DePauw's project is called "free" because it doesn't cost anything.

DePauw's real dean, Robert H. Farber, has expressed approval that student leaders are taking this "creative and constructive approach to the solution of current problems." About 120 students—5 percent of DePauw's total enrollment—are participating and many interested faculty members are sitting in.

Curb on Social Statements?

A more restrictive policy regarding public statements issued by the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns will be recommended by its executive committee when the full board meets in April.

Pronouncements by the board in the past have been widely criticized as not representing Methodist consensus. The new procedure calls for policy statements normally to be mailed to board members four weeks ahead of a meeting and to be channeled through a committee on reference headed by Dr. Robert W. Moon, Sacramento, Calif., pastor.

In emergency situations, consideration could be given if two thirds of those voting agreed. Statements are to require a two-thirds majority, and their release is to be accompanied with a tally of the voting.

Such statements are to have the purpose of guiding the board's operations, of speaking to the church organization and membership, or of influencing public opinion.

The proposed new policy also would spell out guidelines governing the issuance of resolutions and messages by units of the board, as well as study documents and reports of study conferences, which would disassociate themselves from speaking for the board.

At its December, 1966, meeting, the Social Concerns board's executive body approved statements concerning Viet Nam, South West Africa, the military draft, reform of Congressional committees, "black power," and public welfare.

CENTURY CLUB

Nine ladies, including four from Kansas, join TOGETHER'S *Century Club this month. The centenarians are:*

Mrs. Ella Staatz Blanke, 100, Enterprise, Kans.

Jennie L. Huckins, 100, West Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchinson, 100, Streator, Ill.

Mrs. Ira Johnson, 100, Largo, Fla.

Mrs. Ada Lumm, 100, Columbus, Kans.

Mrs. Gertrude Mitchell, 100, Union City, Pa.

Mrs. Mattie Ramey, 100, Spring Hill, Kans.

Mrs. Lizzie Rankin, 100, Lyons, Kans.

Mrs. Eliza Wagner, 100, Philadelphia, Pa.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.

Pick 'Miss Student Nurse'

Miss Methodist Student Nurse for 1967 is a senior nursing student at Chicago Wesley Memorial Hospital and the daughter of missionary parents.

Miss Ingrid Baris was born in China where her parents, the Rev. and Mrs. John H. Baris, served as Congregational missionaries until forced to leave the country in the late 1940s. She attributes her vocational choice to early experiences in China, where she saw war, hunger, disease, and great medical needs.

Miss Baris

Miss Baris was chosen from among 31 contestants from schools of nursing affiliated with The Methodist Church. She was honored formally during the annual convention of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes, January 24-26, in Chicago.

Polish Church Progresses

As Christianity celebrated its 1000th year in Poland last year, Methodism, too, marked a period of progress.

Bishop Paul N. Garber of Raleigh, N.C., last summer attended a special session of the Central and Southern Europe Central Conference in Lausanne, Switzerland. He reported there is no shortage of pastors for the 72 Methodist churches and preaching places in the Polish Provisional Conference.

He noted, too, that several seminary students are preparing for the Methodist ministry at the Protestant seminary in Poland.

Among the Methodist projects there is an English-language school in War-

"Please take care of my sister..."

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

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In her hand she elutehed a note written by her brother:

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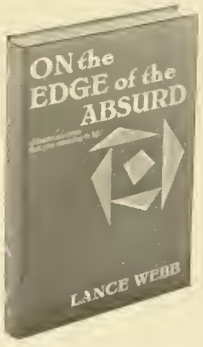

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saw with approximately 4,000 students—most of them in their late teens or early 20s. Many state officials, including the present Polish ambassador in Washington, are graduates of the school.

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Bishop Garber has administered the denomination's work in Poland, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia since the death of Bishop Ferdinand Sigg in October, 1965. Bishop Garber headed The Methodist Church in Poland and the other countries of the Geneva Area from 1944 to 1952.

Bishop Franz Schafer, newly elected to the episcopacy by the Central and Southern Europe Central Conference, now heads the Geneva Area.

Pioneer Agency for Retarded

Southeastern Methodist Agency for the Retarded (SEMAR) is pioneering in a new field for church-related health and welfare organizations.

The developing agency plans to open offices in Atlanta, Ga., in the fall of 1968 if its financial plan is approved by the Southeastern Jurisdictional Conference.

The original plan of the organization was to build a facility for 100 severely retarded infants. However, further study showed a greater need for a parent body to sponsor local services for the mentally retarded. Children thus will be served in a place near their homes.

SEMAR will initiate and guide individual service units and maintain acceptable standards of care, but each unit will be owned by an annual conference and have some autonomy.

According to SEMAR officials, one of the gaps in service to the mentally retarded is in residential care for those who are the chronological age of adults, but live with their parents. When parents are elderly or otherwise unable to care for them, plans must be made for other care, such as in group residences.

Other areas in which SEMAR hopes to work include day-care, sheltered workshops, special-education units, and referral and counseling services.

Set Jurisdiction Sessions

The campus of West Virginia Wesleyan College at Buckhannon, W.Va., will be the scene of the 1968 Northeastern Jurisdictional Conference, set July 24-28.

In accordance with a Methodist constitutional amendment adopted in 1965, all jurisdictions will meet at the same time. Other meeting sites are: Peoria, Ill. (North Central); Honolulu, Hawaii (Western); Oklahoma City (South Central); and Lake Junaluska, N.C. (Southeastern).

The Central Jurisdiction is expected to meet in Nashville, but final plans have been delayed pending the possibility of a special 1967 conference.

Action by annual conferences this summer might dissolve the racially constituted Central unit, transferring all its conferences and bishops into the regional jurisdictions.

Methodists in the News

Dr. Arland F. Christ-Janer, president of the Methodist-related Cornell College in Mount Vernon, Iowa, has been named president of Methodist-related Boston University to succeed retiring Dr. Harold C. Case.

Brunette beauty **Nancy Griffin**, a University of Nebraska freshman and former organist in her hometown Methodist church at Atkinson, was chosen "Golden Girl" to reign over the 1967 Nebraska Centennial.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Miller, New Richmond, Ind., are serving as volunteers in the Congo where the independent telephone company president will install a telephone system at Piper Memorial Hospital at Kapanga and the Methodist Mission School in Mulungwishi.

Chaplain (Major) Robert G. Swager, 52nd Aviation Battalion, was awarded the bronze star for service in Viet Nam. In addition to regular duties, he drew plans, secured land, obtained contractor bids, and wrote a contract in English and Vietnamese for a now-completed orphanage in Pleiku Province.

Bert Williams, active layman in the Granite, Okla., Methodist Church, was honored as Oklahoma Farmer-Rancher of the Year for 1966.

DEATHS: **Dr. Harry F. Ward**, 93, Palisades, N.J., pioneer in Methodist social action and head of the American Civil Liberties Union from its founding in 1920 until 1940. . . . **James McGiffin**, 73, Oakland, Calif., longtime Christian education leader and former executive of the Methodist Board of Missions. . . . **Dr. J. Henry Chitwood**, Tuscaloosa, Ala., pastor, and member of the Methodist Judicial Council. . . . **Dr. Angel Eugenio Fuster**, top Methodist administrator in Cuba, who has presided over the island annual conference for Bishop James W. Henley of Florida, who has been permitted to visit Cuba only twice since Castro forces took over.

KEEPERS of the POOR

By *J. EDWARD CAROTHERS,* Associate General Secretary
National Division, Methodist Board of Missions

A MAJOR distinction of Christianity, as contrasted to other great religions, is its concern for people who suffer pain inflicted by systems. In recent years the World Council of Churches, the Vatican, and the various national councils of Christian churches have manifested an increasing awareness that human life must be protected from the cruelty not only of persons but also of systems—political, economic, ecclesiastical, judicial, or cultural.

Embodied in this Christian concern is an attitude toward the future which needs to be made a lively philosophy, if we are to escape "future shock." In particular, we need a framework that will enable us to deal with the complex problem of why people stay in poverty. As long as we believe that it is possible for every individual to "carve out his own future" (as we who are prosperous tend to think we have "carved out our own future"), we will be blind to what is happening to us and around us.

For a long time we have had dinned into our ears that "no man is an island unto himself," and we are sick of hearing the bell toll for us. But we need to open our hearts and minds to the fact that the human race is not an island unto itself, and that the bell is not tolling in the distance. The future is roaring in upon us as never before, flooding the human enterprise. Among the great issues confronting our generation is the one that will have to be settled now between the prosperous and the poor.

For the prosperous to believe that the poor will be manufactured into duplicates of the current prosperity-type is evasion of the truth. The human race refuses to be molded. Furthermore, the poor are more intelligent than to want to duplicate the kind of life the prosperous have "carved out" for themselves.

The pouring in of the future cannot be stopped, wished away, argued away, or ignored. The day of the Lord has arrived and, as Amos noted, it is a most unexpected event. It provokes in us the kind of surprise felt by a man who leans against the wall, in a dark room at night, only to be struck by a viper lying in waiting. We are in a world described by the National Council of Churches Conference on Technology and Rapid Change as a "world that won't hold still." The conference might have described it even more forcefully as "a world God won't leave alone."

The term "keepers of the poor" has two meanings. The prosperous *keep the poor in their poverty,* but they have a definite responsibility *to be their brother's keeper,* and to break his chains because they are forged of the hardened attitudes of the prosperous who seldom, if ever, realize that their attitudes constitute the chain.

The prosperous are in need of a major conversion of attitudes, which begins with a changed attitude toward the future. The Christian view of the future, dealing with realities and offering a base for optimism, is that man's efforts toward any goal are fruitful when values are created and sustained in support of human life. The Christian view holds also that the destruction, or hindrance, of such support is visited by the wrath of the future, for God is the future acting upon the present.

Today, every informed citizen is aware of the presence of the poor in our midst. The real test of Christian responsiveness is whether this knowledge leads one to engage in honest self-scrutiny. Such a test cannot help but be painful for all prosperous individuals as they face the collective responsibility imposed upon them by widespread poverty.

We who are keepers of the poor should face up to the charge of "Guilty." This is the only way in which we can be saved from the *wrath* of God, the future pouring in. This is also our only means of receiving the *grace* of God, also the future pouring in. We can choose only between being victims or victors. We cannot make the choice as to the nature of the terms. We must cease being keepers of the poor and become our brother's keeper. □

This statement is drawn from Dr. Carothers' recent book, *Keepers of the Poor,* a primary resource for the current interdenominational mission study theme *Affluence and Poverty: Dilemma for Christians.* Copyright © 1966 by the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church. Used by permission.—Your Editors

THOSE *Revolting* STUDENTS

Today's college generation, far from being silent like students of the '50s, is vociferous, sometimes downright raucous, in telling their elders what they don't like about modern society. What is their word for us? Why is their revolt so widespread?

By ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

IF, WHEN you saw the title of this article, you thought to yourself, "He means today's students are revolting against society," you at least credit today's undergraduates with having a reason for their revolt, whether or not you agree with it. But if you thought, "Yes, today's college students certainly are revolting and disgusting," you already have made a value judgment, and a negative one at that.

It is true, of course, that many people share a sense of revulsion at what is happening on the campuses. The very word "Berkeley" is likely to render the middle-aged apoplectic. Every college administrator in the country cringes at the thought of "another Berkeley" occurring on his own campus.

At the same time, it is not hard to find foursquare Americans who feel that the solution to campus unrest is simple: "Kick out the Commies, the kooks, and the perverts." Dr. Max Rafferty, the highest official in California's educational system, describes an education at Berkeley as "a four-year course in sex, drugs, and treason."

As one who teaches on a campus that has its fair share of revolting students (in the favorable defini-

An INTERCHURCH FEATURE originated by **Presbyterian Life** (United Presbyterian Church) and also appearing in **Church and Home** (EUB Church). —EDITORS

tion of the term), and who has talked to some of them, listened to more, and read a fair number of pages both by and about them, I cannot help feeling that the new breed has hardly gotten a fair hearing. These students are saying some things to which the rest of us need to listen. We are not entitled to cover our ears simply because we object to the stridency of a voice or the length of a beard.

What, then, is their word to us? Why is there such a widespread attitude of revolt on the part of today's students? Let us examine the dissatisfactions, the remedies, the motivations, and the problems.

Their Dissatisfactions

1. *Depersonalization.* Around this theme centers surely the biggest gripe of today's collegians. The IBM card is a symbol of what disturbs students in our culture. "I am a person," a placard at a student rally often will read. "Do not fold, spindle, or mutilate me." And they feel that the modern American university fosters rather than diminishes depersonalization.

Part of this is due to the sheer size of so many institutions of higher learning. Classes today are too large, and the term "mass education" is just that—education of masses rather than persons. The university is an assembly-line factory in which a student (reduced to a number) is processed through a diploma mill, seldom meeting faculty and frequently knowing top professors only through their closed-circuit television lectures.

If it isn't that bad everywhere (and it isn't), that is nevertheless the direction in which the revolting student sees the university moving. It can only get bigger and more impersonal, and nobody seems to be doing anything about it. So he protests—and rightly so.

In self-defense, many a revolting student has created his own nontraditional center of university life. It is not the chapel, as in the medieval university, nor is it the classroom, nor even the library. Rather, it often is the student's place of residence—not necessarily a dormitory, since these tend to be rejected as impersonal and confining. Wherever it is, the new center is a place for talk, informality, the exchange of ideas; a place where hypocrisy can be disavowed and where a connection can be made between thought and action. It is a place from which the student might go to a lecture but might also go to tutor a Negro child, and from which either activity would be equally appropriate.

2. *Contemporary society.* The protest is lodged against the university, because that is where the student is. But it goes deeper; actually, it is against the whole of contemporary society. The Byrne Report to the Regents of the University of California grasped this:

"We conclude that the basic cause of unrest on the Berkeley campus was the dissatisfaction of a large number of students with many features of the society they were about to enter."

Many students see the university as a microcosm of the whole culture —a culture characterized by impersonality in business, in living arrangements, even in social life; a culture in which nobody dares to be himself and everybody wears a mask for fear he may be found deviating from the timid conformity fostered by the culture.

The revolting student rejects this whole conception of life as phony. Indeed, part of the adult restiveness in the face of student revolt is surely based on the disturbing accuracy with which the younger generation has unmasked the pretentiousness and insecurity of the older. Bill Ward, a professor of journalism, sums up the indictment against the older generation:

"You set off the atomic bomb. You were complacent until Dachau. Your Depression wasn't so great. You got trapped in Korea. Now you want to threaten my life in some place like Viet Nam. You assassinated Kennedy and gave me in his place a professional politician from Texas. Your generation has failed us and yourselves utterly."

Here is part of the reason for the Berkeley slogan, "Never trust anyone over 30."

This disillusionment cannot be understood apart from a word often on the lips of undergraduates: Viet Nam. Virtually all revolting students place Viet Nam high on the list of what is wrong with the Great Society. They are unimpressed by White House propaganda, disenchanted with the President, shocked by napalm, and unwilling, many of them, to serve in a war that seems to them morally indefensible. In short, they doubt the sincerity and sometimes even the integrity of the decision-makers. They are the more upset when they discover how much of a university budget is supplied by government funds that support research related to the military, and how silently the university establishment appears to acquiesce in being "used" by what they feel is an immoral national policy.

So the wheel comes full circle. The university is a part of the Establishment the student rejects. He sees too many trustees and administrators and faculty members working hand in glove with a society dedicated to human destruction and the denial of the meaning of personhood.

At the other end of the spectrum, he sees the university training him to be an uncomplaining middle-class person, adjusted to all the proper middle-class mores, doing nothing to jar the well-oiled machinery called the Great Society. He sees his father caught in society's rat race, and he wants no part of it: "So you win the rat race. You're still a rat."

3. *Adult inconsistency.* The student feels that the university, in particular, has adopted an ambivalent and inconsistent attitude toward him. On the one hand, the university urges him to think for himself and arrive at his own conclusions; on the other hand, if the student thinks his way through to a negative assessment of our Viet Nam policy, or opposes some generally accepted patterns of moral behavior, or challenges the "social regulations" the university hands down by the carload, he is likely to find himself in deep trouble.

Or, on the one hand, the university tells him that he is bright and that he must make a responsible contribution to democratic society; on the other hand, when he tries to improve that segment of society of which he is presently a part, namely the university, he finds himself

ignored if not reproved for his audacity. Overstated? Perhaps.

In the past, he has been told what courses he may take, when he has to be in at night, what the requirements are for his major, how many times he can cut class, how short his hair must be, and what constitutes satisfactory social and academic behavior. He has been told this with a kind of paternalism that increasing numbers of his generation are today unwilling to accept. He wants to *share* in making the decisions that determine his future.

4. *Impatience.* This is another prominent note in today's protest. A given student has only four years. He is not willing to wait 10 years for curriculum reform—a pace that would strike most administration officials or faculty committees as breathtakingly rapid. Just as the Negro does not want integration to be a reality only in the next century, and cries "Freedom *now!*" so the student does not want the university to become what it ought to be only when his grandchildren matriculate.

He wants a true community of learning and he wants it *now*. He wants curriculum reform that will liberate him *this year* from dull courses and foolish requirements. He wants to become acquainted with his professors *before* his 25th reunion. He wants to be treated as a person rather than a number during the *current semester*, and not when he has acquired the means to endow a physics building.

The Remedies

So what does the revolting student propose, and how does he expect to achieve his ends?

In reviewing the events at Berkeley, Martin Meyerson declared, "The protesting students are more sophisticated in their condemnations than in their proposals." This is not merely the jaundiced view of one over 30, as a letter from a group of undergraduates, seeking change in the university, shows:

"What kind of activities do we envisage? To be frank, at this point our intentions outstrip a clear understanding of how best to achieve them. One of the greatest problems we have with planning is that we do not believe there should be too much of it . . ."

This refreshing candor illustrates the mentality of much of the revolt. The students feel that they have been the victims of overplanning. They want education to be a little more *ad hoc*, to play it by ear, to let a structure evolve from new relationships that will develop when impersonality has been rooted out.

Certainly the dominant concern is with the importance—one could even say the sanctity—of the person. If present structures don't enhance that, so much the worse for the structures. Some students live in open disdain of the present structures, but have a resigned willingness to try to bend them a bit. A few, the ones who get the headlines, have given up on the structures as archaic, beyond hope of redemption, and are ready, in the words of Mario Savio, to do whatever is necessary "to bring the university to a grinding halt."

A larger number, I think, have decided to experiment with parallel structures. Staying within the university, they will attend extra, informal, not-for-credit courses featuring small classes, give-and-take, less rigidity, and relevant subject matter. These experimental "colleges," they believe, will provide the type of education the university is not providing for them.

The revolting student really does believe that things can be changed. But what gives him the feeling that change can be brought about, even in so recalcitrant a body as a university community?

The reason for the optimism is found in the remarkable success of the civil-rights movement (however much that movement now may be losing its initial momentum), with its widespread application of the technique of nonviolence. Many of the revolting students have had active involvement in the civil-rights movement and are determined to apply that experience back on the campus.

They collect data, discuss, make demands, discuss further, hold meetings, hold demonstrations, hold marches, and occasionally—not frequently—engage in acts of civil disobedience against university regulations. It is the latter events, of course, that make the headlines, and Berkeley is only the most widely publicized instance.

When the elders protest such pressures, the students reply that if injustice exists (as they are sure it does in their case), they have the right—indeed, the moral obligation—to ask for a redress of grievances and, if no one listens, to move to stronger measures.

The university is entitled to expel students who break its rules, and it sometimes does. But it must be said that student pressure, however much some may deplore it, has in fact often brought confrontations between students and administration that have led to change. Most administrators would rather solve problems around a conference table than request police to remove students forcibly from an administration building.

The Motivations

Why do the revolting students occasionally go to such extremes?

It is not sufficient to write them off simply as "Commies, kooks, and perverts." The Rafferty approach is doomed from the start. Indeed, I cannot discern any clear ideological center to the movement—Marxist, anarchist, or otherwise. Many students are confused, and not all are involved for the same reasons.

There surely are some for whom working with SNCC (Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee) in Mississippi, or marching in protest against Viet Nam, has been a convenient way of kicking the old man in the teeth. But for others, the motivation has been high commitment and idealism, an almost desperate assertion that society need not remain the way it always has been. These same students, it must be remembered, respond in droves to Peace Corps idealism.

Pervading the whole, it seems to me, is a high degree of idealism mixed with impatience at the lethargic rate of society's adjustment to the revolution of our time.

To see the point, one must compare today's students with the students of the early 1950s. The latter were the "silent generation." They lived in the era when speaking out, or espousing unpopular causes, meant trouble with Congressman

Velde or Senator Joseph McCarthy; it meant getting one's name on the wrong list in Washington, or being labeled "too controversial" to be a good employment risk. So they played it safe.

By contrast, the emancipation of students from that kind of cowering conformity is to be understood not as a sign of moral degeneration but of moral health.

Education, after all, has left its mark. A truly educated person must be a dissatisfied person. If he has been exposed to enough of the greatness of the past and the possibilities of the future, he must remain permanently dissatisfied with the present. His vision may have come from the Old Testament prophets, or from the moral passion of Albert Camus, or from that social critic least honored in America, Karl Marx. He may have learned of the true, the good, and the beautiful from Greek philosophy, or of sin and grace from Paul and Augustine.

Wherever he has gotten it, such exposure cannot help but give the student a perspective in terms of which he must endure a state of permanent dissatisfaction. And the task of the university is not to keep such a student separated from the world, but to enable him to involve himself more responsibly in it. The real cause for worry is not student action but student apathy.

The Problems

But new problems ride into history on the back of every advance. What are the problems the revolting student faces?

One criticism has already been implied. It is clear that students oppose depersonalization, and it is clear that they want a new respect for the person as a person. But it is not nearly as clear how they propose to get it. They disdain structures without realizing that, particularly when large numbers of people are involved, structures can enhance personal freedom as well as destroy it. The alternative to bad structures is not lack of structure but better structures, designed to maximize the creative interplay of freedom and order.

In coping with this problem, there is a danger that the idealism of the revolting student may turn sour. By this spring, some of the dreams of last fall will have turned out to be impractical if not impossible. Leaders in experimental colleges will have found that objectives must be more clearly defined, that in the process of such definition clashes of opinion emerge, that factions and cliques develop, that programs have to be scaled down to fit financial resources, that not every student is motivated to work without being graded.

In short, they will discover that one cannot dispose of the traditional problems of the traditional university simply by pushing them out the front door, for inevitably they will reappear at the back door.

Some, when confronted by this, will be impelled to work harder to resist the old patterns; others will become disillusioned. A precursor of such disillusionment is the ease with which revolting students cry "sellout" when someone in the midst of a crisis suggests a modification of tactics or a scaling down of immediate demands. (Last spring at Stanford, when a group of faculty did not support a student sit-in in the president's office, they received a manifesto accusing them of "moral cowardice.")

Another problem centers on the students' vision of the university. Their cry goes, "The university belongs to the students."

However true this may be, it is only part of the truth. The university is not only a place students inhabit but a place where research is conducted, where writing is done, and where scholarly resources are collected—even when undergraduates are not there.

The university, furthermore, is responsible to future students as well as present ones, and it is not self-evident that those who inhabit it for a four-year period should write all the ground rules that may have implications for 25 years.

Coupled with this less than total vision of a university is a tendency to downgrade those dimensions of education that are not strictly in the realm of interpersonal relations. The university is more than one vast experience in group dynamics, and education is more than human exchange of points of view "in depth." There is a content, a subject matter, to master, and some of it has to be gotten from methods and disciplines as old-fashioned as reading books and writing down, by a certain date, one's thoughts about a subject. If a student wrote a paper only when he felt like it, not many papers would get written.

Another Side

There is another side to student revolt I have not yet mentioned, a side that has gotten inordinate attention in the public press. This is the revolution in personal *mores* and ethical choices.

The concern of the student *not* to conform to a middle-class image of what society expects him to be leads to the beards, the long hair, or the sandals—which, after all, are extraordinarily harmless ways of revolting. But in the search for self, and in revolt against the moral codes of the society they reject, some students go much further. In the name of freedom, they experiment with drugs, and insist that their sexual activities are their own business and nobody else's.

There is a real danger here. It is the danger that people will be badly hurt. LSD can enslave and destroy as well as occasionally liberate, and promiscuous sex may have psychic effects beyond what can be anticipated at the time.

There is, in other words, an unrecognized inconsistency in the attitude of many revolting students. They risk irreparable harm, not just to themselves but to their friends, in areas of experimentation too dangerous to be treated lightly.

Furthermore, the increasing preoccupation with drugs and sex among a segment of the revolting students is actually an expression of a withdrawal from the problems and pressures of society by retreat into a private and presumably more easily managed world—one that turns out, in fact, to be very public and not so easily managed after all.

These are the areas, then, in which the revolting students will need to do more thinking. But the conclusions they reach will have to be their own rather than those of their elders.

After all, we're over 30. □

Death Was a Spooky Stranger

By BARBARA T. SMITH

"And there, sitting on the sodden ground . . . our son was trying to learn what he needed to know."

"DEATH is too spooky."

Our five-year-old Jeremy huddled in a chair, his tears matching the rain outdoors.

One of our dearest friends and neighbors, an elderly woman, had died, and her funeral was to be held in the early afternoon at the church she had attended. Then her casket was to be carried by friends to the small cemetery nearby, with the rest of us walking in procession behind it, singing hymns. Thus we would keep company with our friend Betty until she was buried in a spot on the grounds she had loved.

I had not been able to find a baby-sitter, and while our daughters, Sarah and Ann, would be at school, Jeremy would be home from kindergarten. At lunchtime on that dark, dreary day, I gave my son three choices: he could come with me to the funeral; he could go play games with Dot, the postmistress; or he could sit on a porch across the lane from the church and wait for me. He refused all of them.

"It's too spooky, Mom. I want to stay in my own house," he said. So I left him at home. I locked the doors so no one else could get in, told him to come and get me if he needed me, and left the house uneasily.

It was a surprise to learn so dramatically that Jeremy did not know what he needed to know about death and about life. Parsonage children share great hunks of life; and, seeing its joy and wonder, its misery and garbage, all mixed together in the same people, no aspect of human experience is likely to come as a shock to them.

But Jeremy had not had the same advantages in this regard as his slightly older sisters. He had been too small when we lived in the old country parsonage next to the church. The girls, however, had had a chance to share in the goings-on.

It was no surprise to them, then, to find a stranger or adult friend crying in our big, old-fashioned living room. They learned not to ask questions, that it is natural for people to be unhappy sometimes. And the very fact that unhappy people came to see the children's father taught them that there usually is someone you can turn to, someone you can trust who cares enough about you to want to help you.

Our girls were never greatly surprised, either, to walk into the kitchen and find that someone had brought a chocolate cake or some candy-eyed gingerbread men. Sharing, they knew, went both ways.

Sarah was never startled when she woke up in a

bed in her sister's room instead of her own. She simply knew that someone had shown up late at night and had needed a place to sleep, and that I had lugged her, sleeping and warm, into the other room and popped her into a different bed.

Sometimes her bed was needed by somebody from out of town who had a critically ill relative in our little country hospital, sometimes by a visiting friend.

Sarah's favorite surprise guest was Jane, one of our prettiest, most sophisticated, wealthiest young matrons. Jane's husband often got drunk and beat her until she fled in terror from their large, brick, ivy-covered house. Sarah loved having her because Jane's pet dog usually came along. And while Sarah knew something was dreadfully wrong when Jane was with us, she considered both Jane and her husband her friends.

Our girls heard talk of celebrations and rejoicing; they heard of illness, disappointment, and death; and they shared in the feelings of the people involved.

They would perch on the low, broad windowsill in the corner bedroom and, from behind the glass curtains, watch the activity at the church and parish house just across the driveway. Rummage sales and bazaars were their favorites because they knew that sooner or later I would take them over and buy them goodies to munch or grown-up clothes in which to pretend.

Baptisms were their next favorites, when they could catch a glimpse of the baby. Then came weddings and funerals, and these ranked about even in excitement. The girls liked to see the bride and watched eagerly for the throwing of rice or confetti. But absolutely nothing else could match the big, shiny green hearse a local undertaker used. Sarah and Ann loved to watch that impressive vehicle pull up to the church door. They loved seeing the flowers, and the dignity of the people as they got into their cars, and the stately procession pulling away from the church. It was a colorful, dramatic scene, and the girls were quite at ease with it.

But in the last few years we had not lived so close to the major mechanics of church life. We had slipped smoothly into the pattern of suburban living and found it pleasant.

My husband still was a minister; we still had people in and out of the house; Sarah and Ann, and Jeremy, still heard about celebrations and suicides, joy and grief. But here in our suburb, illness was handled in the big, city hospital, and relatives of patients either lived in the area or stayed in motels. Unhappy people still came to see their father, but now his office was not near the house. The children knew, too, that if the people were too badly disturbed they would be referred to a psychiatrist, or "sick-iatrist," as the children liked to say.

And now Jeremy was staying at home while I went to Betty's funeral. At the church we wept for her, and mourned her, but rejoiced that she was now without pain. Then we walked, singing, down the hill to bury her.

And there, sitting on the sodden ground, face pressed against the iron bars of the cemetery fence, was a small figure. It was Jeremy. Jacket unfastened, shoes untied, jeans sopping wet, our son was trying to learn what he needed to know. It was too late to worry about colds or nightmares. I held his hand.

All during the graveside service Jeremy asked me questions. They were not philosophical; he was thinking in more concrete terms.

"Is her head in there?"

"Yes, Jeremy."

"Are her arms in there?"

"Yes, Jeremy."

"Are her legs in there?"

"Yes, Jeremy."

"Where is the grave?"

This was a puzzler until I realized he meant gravestone and explained that Betty's husband would buy one later.

"Huh! You mean he has to pay for it?"

"Yes, Jeremy."

Soon our farewells were said, and it was time to go. Most of her friends left her graveside, but not our still inquiring Jeremy.

"It isn't finished yet, Mother." He was partially right. There was the cement top to be put on the vault, and the grave to be filled in.

We had a semi-quiet struggle. Jeremy clung to the fence, I clung to Jeremy, and we both got wetter and wetter.

A man appeared, carrying a large umbrella. He held it over Jeremy's head, put his arm around Jeremy's shoulder, and said: "You leave this boy with me."

That wonderfully kind, understanding undertaker took away the mystery surrounding the mechanics of death for our young son. Two hours later Jeremy came home, dripping wet and solemn faced but calm and content. He asked us no questions, we asked him none, but a few days later he pointed to Betty's grave as we passed by the cemetery and said: "See. She is with God, but her body is all right now."

Several months later another friend, a younger member of our community, died suddenly and unexpectedly. We had more discussions at home with Sarah, Ann, and Jeremy, trying to thrash out more questions: "Where is she?" "Why did she die?"

Jeremy again decided not to go to the church with me. "But I want to go to the cemetery, Mother."

"Will you be quiet and stay out of the way?"

"Sure, Mother."

Jeremy came to the cemetery and brought several friends. They stayed hidden behind the bushes, so quiet we were not sure they were there until the family had left the graveside and the solemn-faced little band approached us.

This time there was no questioning, and no struggle. The children stayed and watched until all the helping men had left. Then Jeremy came home, satisfied at last.

As I put him to bed that evening, he looked at me and said: "Do you know what, Mother?"

"What, Jeremy?"

"Death isn't spooky after all. It is all right."

A small child can accept the realities of life when he gets them sorted out honestly in his mind. □

A FAMILY OF 38!

RUSSELL MILLER is a big, rawboned Texan with a thinning shock of white hair and a face as tanned, weatherlined, and well-wearing as his cowboy boots. You might easily mistake him for a prosperous rancher with oil wells on his land.

Russ *is* a rancher of sorts, but his spread bears little resemblance to those of his cattlemen neighbors around Midland, Texas. He rides herd on the High Sky Girls Ranch, which may be one of a kind. Thirty-two girls were "bunking in" at last count. Ranging in age from 8 to 18, they are the products of homes shattered by death, divorce, brutality, crime, or poverty.

High Sky Ranch covers only 100 acres—miniscule by Texas standards—but Russ Miller is a big-hearted, bespectacled Ben Cartwright, who always seems to find room for one more "daughter" at the high-plains "Ponderosa" where he is director, and with his wife, Marjorie, houseparent. To the girls, they are "Daddy Russell and Mother Marjorie." They are assisted by "Daddy Buzz" and "Mother Lois" Mason who joined the staff as houseparents in 1966.

Counting the Millers' two adopted children, Mike, 16, and Cathy, 12, the "family" numbers 38 persons.

Midland is mostly cattle and oil country—arid, windswept, and generally thirsty. "Dust devils" are a common sight. They say the rain is all wind, and the wind all sand.

It is midafternoon at the ranch and the sun is beating down on the prairie's sagebrush and solitude. Lean jackrabbits zigzag between mesquite scrubs, and horned toads hide in the meager shade offered by cacti. There are rattlesnakes, too, but they seldom pass the fine mesh screen barrier that surrounds High Sky's two low, rambling ranch houses.

Russ is speaking of two diamondbacks he decapitated the previous week when a glance at his watch reminds him that it is time to pick up the girls at junior high school. On the way, he tells the story of how High Sky Ranch came to be.

The idea was born in 1959 at a Midland Parent-Teachers Association meeting. Everybody had heard of Cal Farley's Boys Ranch up near Amarillo. Why couldn't Midland provide something similar for underprivileged girls?

The prospect sparked the imagination of a small group, who set out to solicit funds and work their way through the maze of details involved in such an undertaking.

By 1962, a board of directors had purchased a 100-acre site four miles north of Midland, and construction began on the first of two stone-and-frame ranch houses. The ranch was incorporated as a nonprofit organ-

The Millers of Midland, Texas: Russell, Mike, Marjorie, and Cathy. The ranch, which takes its name from the average 300 cloudless days a year, is also home for 32 girls.

Horseback riding is a popular pastime at the ranch. Most of the girls come from cities and towns, some as far away as California and Nebraska. Five of the girls are sisters from one broken home.

Girls arise at 5:30, prepare breakfast, set the house in order, then ride to school in what was once an airport limousine. Each two girls share a room and private bath in one of two ranch houses.

Devotion time, usually led by the girls, follows the evening meal in this big living room. Often, personal problems are discussed in this intimate "family" circle. Sometimes, plans are laid for an outing.

High Sky girls, many of them active in 4-H Club projects, struggle to force a stubborn baby beef steer to the feed lot.

ization and licensed by the Texas Department of Public Welfare.

High Sky Ranch—which takes its name from what seems a constantly cloudless sky—is an independent, locally sponsored project receiving no community chest, county, state, or federal funds; it is neither denominational nor sectarian. Its sole support comes from voluntary contributions. One mainstay has been the Ladies Auxiliary of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, which solicits its members on an international basis.

Midland doctors and dentists provide free care, and counseling service is donated by a local psychiatrist, a psychologist, and the head counselor in the public-school system.

Russ pulls up at the junior high and a dozen youngsters crowd in with their girlish chatter about classwork, teachers, the football team, the latest hit record, clothes, an upcoming party—and, of course, boys. (They are permitted to date on a limited basis at age 15.) Back at the ranch, they begin their after-school chores—helping prepare the evening meal, laundry and ironing duties, and tending the livestock.

Fourteen of the girls have 4-H Club projects—beef cattle, lambs, pigs, and chickens. There also are pet ducks, rabbits, dogs (including two tiny Chihuahuas named Lady Bird and Tinkerbell), an uncounted number of cats, and a guinea hen.

Russ—he's an outdoorsman who thrives on ranch life—believes the animals provide a special brand of therapy.

"A child who's been neglected or mistreated often learns best how to give and receive love through a pet," he points out.

Mother Marjorie arrives home after her day of teaching in a Midland elementary classroom. With her is a bouncy 10-year-old. Every day, she picks up one of the girls after school for some free time together. They may go shopping, stop for a Coke and chat, or run an errand. "It's important to give them a chance to open up and talk about themselves and their problems," she says. "And these kids show a lot of compassion. If they see I'm in a blue mood, they do their level best to cheer me up."

Marjorie often gauges a new arrival's progress in adjustment by her fingernail test. "It's not sociologically foolproof," she admits, "but nearly all of the youngsters bite their nails at first. When they quit gnawing them to the quick, I figure they're beginning to feel more at home here."

As Marjorie went inside to check the evening meal, Russ talked of earlier community-reaction problems.

"Some folks worried that we'd be running a kind of ranch-style reform school for delinquent toughies. But the girls have now proved themselves. They've earned the respect of classmates, teachers, and the community at large."

Several girls have demonstrated qualities of leadership at Midland High School and in the Methodist Youth Fellowship at St. Paul's Methodist Church. This is where the Millers and Masons are active members, and where most of their charges attend and participate.

The High Sky girls are a healthy, winsome lot, many of them abundantly freckled by hours spent in the Texas sunshine. And Russ remarks proudly that he has "more good-looking daughters to marry off than just about any man north of the Rio Grande." Of the three graduates so far, one became an airline stewardess and later married, another is working in Austin and plans marriage this spring, and a third attends nearby Odessa Junior College.

Russ and Marjorie recognize that some of the girls may need to be pushed out of the nest when they reach 18. Nearly all develop strong ties to the ranch, probably because the Millers guide with a firm but tender hand.

Their guidelines are simple, but appear to work well. They extend

"Daddy Russell" (far left) shares the joy of a freckled pre-teen whose mail included a letter and photographs from a relative.

"Mother Marjorie" (at left) helps other children, too, such as this pupil in her third-grade school class. Later, back at the ranch (below), she enjoys taffy-making in the kitchen. She tries to train each girl in cooking, sewing—basic homemaking skills.

all the love possible to each girl, enforce strict discipline from the time they arise at 5 a.m. until "lights out" (10 p.m. on school nights), and make sure to recognize and reward achievement.

Dad Russell dreams of High Sky Ranch serving the 50 girls which present facilities will accommodate, and perhaps adding a gymnasium and chapel to the ranch complex. "Right now, we can accept only the most needy," he says. Care for each girl costs $100 to $150 per month.

Russ runs in a high gallop week after week to keep up with his myriad duties: father, counselor, fund-raiser, public speaker, administrator, checking out applications, and countless other responsibilities.

At day's end, when son Mike helps him shuck off those weather-beaten boots, he usually feels like a bone-weary drover after a long, dusty cattle drive. But Russ Miller wouldn't trade High Sky for all the cattle and oil in Texas.

"Right, Marge?" he booms good-naturedly at his wife. Her smile flashes agreement. "Right, Russell."

—Willmon L. White

Son Mike helps Russ Miller off with his boots as he relaxes by the fireplace. Outnumbered 12 to 1 by females they've "learned to cope."

Breaking Bread for UNDERSTANDING

The citizens of Littleton, Colorado, have eaten and talked their way through to fair housing without conflict. "More seems to be accomplished in this direction over the dinner table than in the conference room," says the chairman of the human-relations council.

By DOLORES L. CURRAN

LITTLETON, Colo., sits comfortably in the middle of America's 12th richest county in per capita income. Because of its proximity to two major oil research firms and to the Martin Company, Titan missilemakers, this Denver suburb outshines a seven-state area in the proportion of its 30,000 residents who have college or graduate degrees. In a recent school-board election, three Ph.D.s and one M.D. ran for the two open positions.

Advanced-placement curricula in the high schools, well-manicured lawns in beautifully kept neighborhoods, and high real-estate values denote financial and intellectual achievement. At first look, it appears to be a perfect example of exclusive white suburbia, where childen are raised in an aura of wealth, culture, and isolation from other kinds of people.

But it isn't. Newcomers, searching for a home in Littleton, often are startled when they see Negroes and whites sharing a neighborly cold-drink break while mowing their lawns, or interracial groups of laughing kids on their way to one of the municipal pools.

In one six-month period, nine Negro families moved into this pleasant suburb—without incident, without organizational help, and without fanfare. And yet, just a few miles away in other suburbs, there were unpleasant incidents whenever a real-estate agent braved community outrage by even showing a home to a potential buyer

The problem is not how to break the ice, but how to cut the party off at a reasonable hour.

who was Negro or Spanish-American.

The difference between Littleton and its neighbors comes from planning, not from apathy. Four years ago, the community had no Negroes and no climate favorable to their reception as neighbors. But it did have, among its young professionals, scores of highly respected citizens who felt that Littleton needed to create a climate in which all residents—present and future—could enjoy the rewards of a community that included both whites and Negroes.

A human-relations council was born, but it was not typical of most such groups. These were busy people, and their mandate was: "Let's not just talk about brotherhood. Let's get to know minority peoples personally." From this came Littleton's interracial eat-ins.

When the council branched into the potluck eat-ins two years ago, it was with some trepidation. Mrs. Manny Greenberg, a dynamic young housewife and mother who headed the planning committee, heard all the expected objections:

"Such a program is too structured."

"Where will we get the minorities?"

"It can't work."

However, Mrs. Greenberg and her committee went ahead, contacting Negro friends in Denver for the names of persons who might be interested in the experiment, and signing up Littleton residents who wanted to participate.

After 50 couples had expressed serious interest, a questionnaire went out to each. Then the real work started.

"Matching up couples was like a giant jigsaw puzzle," recalls a committee member. "We tried to avoid putting close friends in any one group, yet we wanted to match people of like interests. It was a real experience."

A typical group consisted of two Negro and three Caucasian couples, the latter a mixture of Catholic, Jewish, Protestant, and Spanish-American couples.

Finally a date was set and a hostess and cohostess were designated to plan the first dinner. Then, on a cold November evening, dozens of autos traveled arterial Colorado Boulevard between the predominantly Negro Park Hill section of Denver and all-white Littleton.

"Sure, I was a little nervous," admits one participant. "I didn't know what to expect that first night. We had five couples coming to our home to dine, and we didn't know anyone. I was worried about what we'd discuss . . . if anything."

Her anxieties were shared by many. A Negro husband recalls:

"Somebody asked my wife if we'd like to go to dinner with them and a few white couples, and she said to sign us up. Before we knew it, we were entertaining a bunch of people we didn't know."

Although practically every participant later admitted to some nervousness in anticipating that first dinner, they all were quick to point out that it disappeared sometime during the course of the evening. After spaghetti, coffee, and some good, lively conversation, each group selected a home and date for a potluck a month later.

That was two years ago. The eat-ins originally were planned to be a series of three dinners; that was to end the project. Even the committee never dreamed the eat-ins would be so immediately successful —or that the project would continue today with some 150 regular participants, including most of the original couples. To say that the eat-ins succeeded in introducing Littleton and its people to minority friends is a considerable understatement!

When skeptical friends of the eat-in participants ask what they do on a potluck evening, the answer is simple: the same things any other group of interested and interesting people do. They spend an hour or so eating spaghetti, fried chicken, or ragout, which seem to be favorite potluck entrées, and they talk. The fact that participants embrace wide diversities in philosophy, politics, and religion, in addition to race and ethnic groups, makes for tantalizing conversation. The typical host is far more concerned with cutting the party off at a reasonable hour than with conversational ice-breaking.

One early fan recalled, "In viewing our conversations in retrospect, it seemed that the first evening we avoided any topics with racial overtones. The second we felt relaxed enough to dig into that topic. After that we talked about anything and everything—kids, jobs, politics, trivia, and sports."

So involved and widespread are

While the wives clear away the dishes, the husbands get better acquainted at a game of darts in the recreation room.

the results of the dinners that it is difficult to separate council activity from potluck friendships. For example, when the Bill Sidles mentioned at one of the dinners that they were considering selling their Littleton home, the Tim Raddens, young Negroes whose family was outgrowing their home, showed an immediate interest.

"We weren't really thinking of buying in Littleton," admits Mrs. Radden, "but we got to like the Littleton people so well from the potlucks that we ended up buying here for that reason."

When the Raddens moved in, there was no ripple in the harmony of the neighborhood. They did it on a basis of a personal friendship, not through the housing department of the Littleton Human Relations Council. Everyone in the council prefers it that way.

"We like to act as a catalyst rather than a civil-rights group," says Dr. Vincent Davis, the council's chairman. "More seems to be accomplished in this direction over the dinner table than the conference table."

When the Colorado Legislature began debating a strong fair-housing bill in 1965, several Littleton residents testified in hearings as friends of minority leaders, not as members of any organization. When the bill passed, James Reynolds, Negro head of the Colorado Civil Rights Commission, publicly lauded the Littleton Council for its efforts in promoting a favorable attitude toward the legislation.

Not long after that, when Denver started groundwork on a fair-housing center, Littleton leaders were asked to serve on several committees.

Myriads of individual contacts have taken place which have had their effects on hundreds of people. For example, after two social-studies teachers—one Negro, one white—met at a potluck dinner, they exchanged classrooms for a few days to learn something of each other's problems.

At the close of the first series of dinners, each participant filled in an evaluation sheet. Other than overwhelming approval, the only significant comment was that many participants wanted the dinners broadened to include children. Practically everyone wanted them to continue, and many commented that three dinners were insufficient to really get to know one another.

Many of the groups continued informally on through the summer with picnics, mountain trips, and backyard barbecues. The solid friendships formed among the original participants led many to continue meeting together even after new groups were formed in the fall.

Meanwhile, as word passed around Park Hill that Littletonites had no ulterior motives in the eat-in program, Negro participation for the second year doubled.

Although the number of doctors, engineers, teachers, and other highly educated professionals in the program is impressive, its value is equally derived from the number of ordinary people in ordinary neighborhoods who feel the time has come to do something extraordinary.

WORD has gotten out, too, in the metropolitan Denver area that Littleton is a community to watch in race relations. A less likely showcase community, considering its economic and cultural background, seems hard to find. Yet recently the Littleton Council planned and sponsored an all-day conference on the problems of the Spanish-surnamed which received national attention. Much of the planning and legwork was done by potluck participants.

This year, the eat-ins committee was besieged for advice from surrounding suburban human-relations groups in setting up their own programs patterned after Littleton's. Committee members are quick to point out the problems they encountered, as well as the benefits, so the program does not sound too utopian.

The chief problem was just finding a time when participants could get together. Since all members are busy people, finding a free evening can seem insurmountable. The committee sets up three tentative dates and asks the diners to clear them, but leaves each group free to choose another evening if it suits members better. Some groups have eaten at a restaurant, rather than in a private home, and then attended a play or a lecture.

A second and very real problem centers around the reliability of the participants—not only showing up but being there on time.

"This is something each group has to work out," said Mrs. Greenberg. "Perhaps we're trying to be too efficient in setting up an exact timetable, but several dinners have been marred because those present waited an hour or two for guests who didn't call or show."

An emerging third problem is the sharing of minority friends with more than one supper group. Some couples belong, in effect, to two supper groups—one of them this year's formal group, the other an informal group that continues friendships made last year. However enjoyable this dual participation is, it puts an added strain on already busy schedules, particularly those of the Negro participants who are especially sought after.

Some Littletonites feel the time may have come for present participants to confine themselves to associations already made, and not join new supper groups.

Finding additional participants should not be any problem. One unexpected dividend of the eat-ins has been their Topsylike growth. Each host couple may invite one or two additional couples from among their own friends and neighbors, and often these couples have stayed on to become an integral part of the group. It is not unusual to find an eat-in group numbering eight couples rather than the original five.

What the Littleton group has done is to harness one of the oldest means known to man for fostering friendship with his brother.

"There's something about eating together that makes you a fellow to your friend's problems and joys," observes one of the original eat-in skeptics.

Not long ago, several of the eat-in couples met at a downtown Denver restaurant before going to a hockey game. Casually, the waitress asked what group they represented.

"No group," came the reply. "Just friends."

And they are. □

Let us assume the cigarette habit has you in its grip. You have heard the repeated warnings of doctors, and you have read some horrifying statistics from the American Cancer Society. You hope the cigarette you hold will be your last. If so, answer one question before you light up:

Do You Really Want to Quit Smoking?

By JAMES W. HILL

QUITTING cigarettes may not be as difficult as you think. After smoking for more than 20 years, I quit—and stayed quit. You can do the same thing. Millions of former cigarette smokers are living examples of the fact that *anyone* can quit if he really wants to.

The main problem is psychological. You really must want to quit or the ordeal will prove unendurable. If you are convinced that smoking is one of the major pleasures of life, or if you are intrigued with the idea of playing Russian roulette with the American Cancer Society's statistics, don't try. It will only be an agonizing, frustrating experience for you and your associates.

But if you really want to quit smoking, you will find that it is not nearly so difficult as some who have been through this experience might have led you to believe. Moreover, the satisfaction you will derive from *not smoking* will be far greater than your occasional urge to smoke.

I began smoking cigarettes soon after I entered college. At that time it seemed the thing to do. It boosted my ego and gave me a delightful sense of sophistication. So, for many years I worshiped the goddess nicotine. Then I became her two-packs-a-day slave, smoking and smoking—and enjoying it less and less. At long last, I began to question this habit that had enslaved me most of my adult years.

"Do you really enjoy smoking?" I asked myself.

"Not always," I had to admit. Only occasionally did I really enjoy a good smoke. Most of the time I was only following compulsive routine that, in my younger days, I had deliberately developed into a habit.

Secondly, I asked myself: "Do you really want to quit smoking?"

I was not sure about this question, but I answered as honestly as I could: "Yes, I think so."

Finally, I faced the issue squarely and asked myself point-blank: "Can you, Jim Hill, really quit smoking, and stay quit?"

"Sure I can," I answered arrogantly, and brushed the question aside. But deep down in my subconscious mind I knew that I had not answered honestly. I didn't really know whether I could quit smoking—and stay quit.

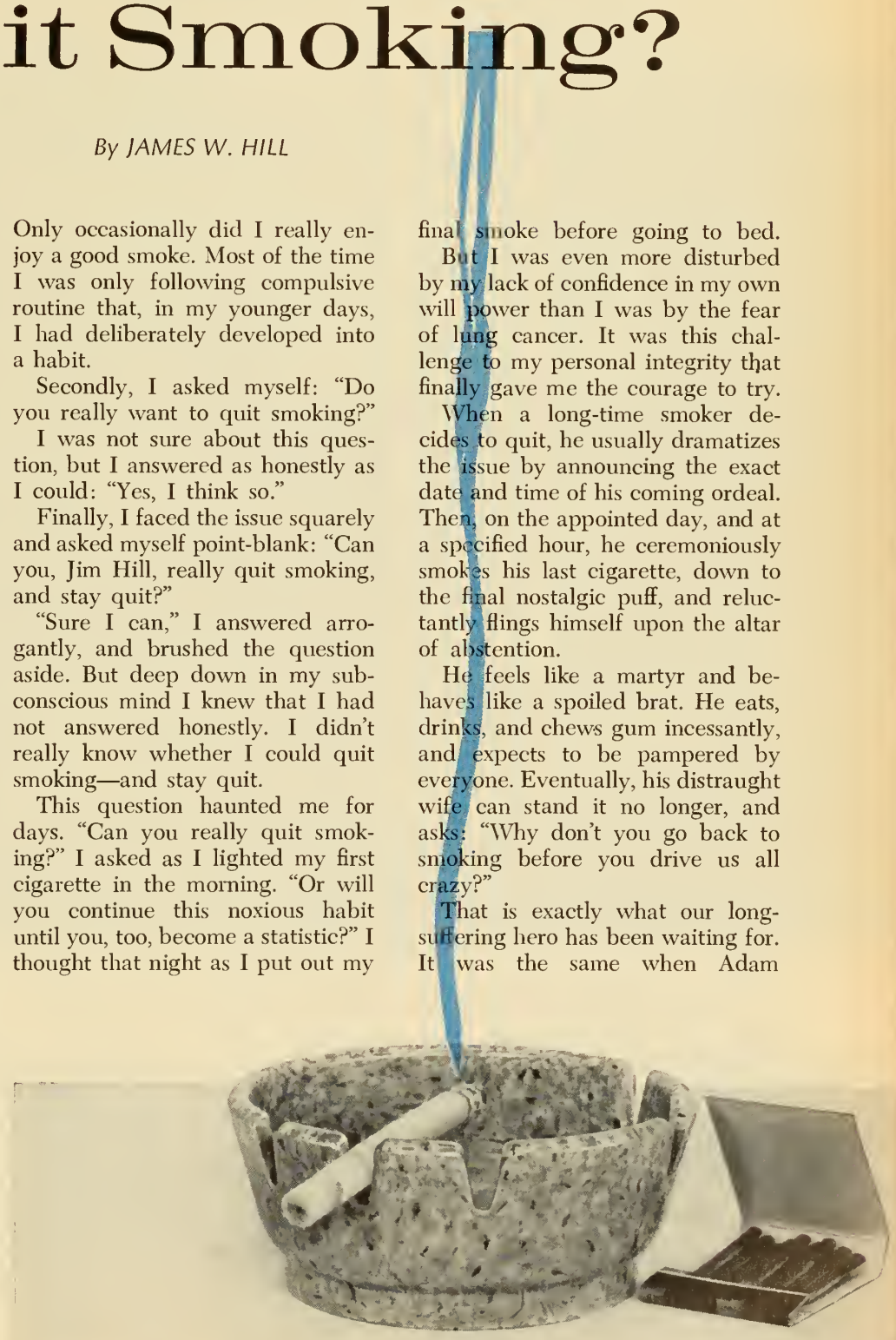
This question haunted me for days. "Can you really quit smoking?" I asked as I lighted my first cigarette in the morning. "Or will you continue this noxious habit until you, too, become a statistic?" I thought that night as I put out my final smoke before going to bed.

But I was even more disturbed by my lack of confidence in my own will power than I was by the fear of lung cancer. It was this challenge to my personal integrity that finally gave me the courage to try.

When a long-time smoker decides to quit, he usually dramatizes the issue by announcing the exact date and time of his coming ordeal. Then, on the appointed day, and at a specified hour, he ceremoniously smokes his last cigarette, down to the final nostalgic puff, and reluctantly flings himself upon the altar of abstention.

He feels like a martyr and behaves like a spoiled brat. He eats, drinks, and chews gum incessantly, and expects to be pampered by everyone. Eventually, his distraught wife can stand it no longer, and asks: "Why don't you go back to smoking before you drive us all crazy?"

That is exactly what our long-suffering hero has been waiting for. It was the same when Adam



blamed Eve for tempting him with an apple. He reaches for a cigarette and the ordeal is ended.

If you really want to quit smoking, don't dramatize the issue or act like a martyr. It will only enhance your chances of failure. Don't even brace yourself for a strenuous ordeal. Simply smoke the last cigarette in the pack and don't buy any more.

I didn't even tell my wife I was going to quit. I looked upon it only as an experiment to be continued for a few hours; a day or two, or perhaps—I was almost afraid to think it—for the rest of my life.

I smoked my last cigarette in the office late one afternoon. The next few hours were agonizing, but not unendurable. So I decided to continue the experiment until evening.

After dinner I wanted a cigarette very badly, but I had none. I read a magazine and went to bed. I was a little restless, but I doggedly refused to think about how badly I needed a smoke.

The next thing I knew it was morning. I yawned and reached for a cigarette, but none was there, so I got up and made myself a cup of coffee. My wife and I then had breakfast, and I left for work, still without a smoke.

The next few days were not easy, but I managed to keep a semblance of equanimity. Strangely enough, neither my wife nor any of my associates noticed that I was not smoking. I was grateful for this because I wasn't sure I really could quit. But I was also disappointed that this extremely important event in my life had gone unnoticed. I wanted everyone to know that I was fighting a desperate battle with myself and that, so far, I was winning.

But I was prepared to lose if the ordeal became more than I could endure. I had planned to lie about it if anyone questioned me. "No, I haven't quit smoking," I was going to say. "I just don't want a cigarette right now."

That was 10 years ago, and I have yet to smoke another cigarette. But neither have I actually sworn off smoking. It is still an experiment, I would light up a cigarette tomorrow, or this afternoon, or right now, if I really wanted one. But right now I honestly do not want one, and I don't think I will really want one this afternoon or tomorrow or next week.

There are times, of course, when I want a cigarette very much. But, if I do not allow my mind to dwell upon it, I soon forget. After 10 years of abstention, it would be childish to succumb now, even though occasionally I still have a fleeting desire to smoke.

Quitting cigarettes has given me a wonderful feeling of self-control. I am no longer a slave to a habit I once embraced but came to abhor. I have regained a measure of personal freedom and recaptured some of the *joie de vivre.*

I SLEEP better at night. Each morning I enjoy a leisurely breakfast, instead of gulping it down to have time for a smoke before dashing off to work. On the highways, I have a new sense of security, for I am not fumbling for a cigarette in the ubiquitous hazards of rushing traffic.

The air about me seems fresher, now that the smell of stale tobacco smoke no longer surrounds me like a Cimmerian fog. When I have a cold, it is good to be free from the urge to smoke at least a few cigarettes and further irritate an inflamed throat.

I cherish the relief from that ever-present, but never quite satisfied, desire for yet another cigarette. I am relatively free from that vicious little 1-in-10 statistic promulgated recently by the American Cancer Society.

But, most of all, I am thankful for a personal victory over my own weakness. I have conquered myself. Once again, I am the master of my own fate.

Giving up cigarettes is largely a matter of mental discipline. If one thinks of himself as a martyr, or indulges in self-pity, he is doomed to failure. But if he thinks of the genuine satisfaction to be derived from not smoking, his deprivation becomes a source of personal pride, and he probably will never smoke another cigarette as long as he lives.

A psychologist with whom I discussed this matter recently said the problem of quitting smoking is primarily a matter of motivation and reinforcement.

"If, after thinking the matter through," he said, "the smoker concludes that it is more desirable to quit smoking than to continue, his motivation to quit becomes more dynamic than his motivation to smoke, and he has to quit. He cannot do otherwise.

"Then, after he has endured the agony of the first few days, he begins to take pride in his achievement. The satisfaction he gets from *not smoking* overbalances the pangs of abstention, and he is amply reinforced in his efforts to continue the experiment indefinitely."

"But why do so many of those who quit go back to smoking a short time later?" I asked.

"They don't really want to quit," he said. "They are only fooling themselves. They enjoy smoking. It gives them something to do. It enhances their ego, soothes their restlessness, helps them endure boredom, and gives them a sense of belonging just as it did you when you first began smoking. They'll never quit because they really don't want to quit. The problem of lung cancer may disturb them a little, but not enough to make them quit smoking."

"Do you think *anyone* who really wants to quit smoking can do so?" I asked.

"Of course he can," the psychologist replied. "You quit, didn't you? You're no superman. Others can quit, too, if they really want to.

"In the final analysis," he continued, "you and I, and everyone else, does exactly what he wants to do. You wanted to quit smoking, so you quit. Many others do not want to quit, so they don't. It's as simple as that . . . and as difficult to achieve."

If you are considering quitting cigarettes, ask yourself frankly: "Do I really want to quit?"

If you can honestly answer, "yes," try quitting for a few hours. Then, if the ordeal is not unendurable, continue the experiment for a day or two longer, or perhaps even . . .

You might even be rid of the habit before anyone else notices that you have stopped! □

Carved from wilderness—a wonderland of glass, stone, and metal.

Brasilia: A New World Capital

Text by Herman B. Teeter / Photographs by Don Rutledge

Ultramodern design of the presidential palace (foreground) sets the city's architectural tempo.

THE BIG PLANES, flying up from Rio across 600 miles of wilderness plateau, land at an unbelievable new South American city of soaring skyscrapers and white marble palaces. This is Brasilia, a futuristic metropolis and major world capital that did not exist 10 years ago. Yet, shining Brasilia is as much a wilderness outpost as any primitive log-cabin town on the American frontier a century ago. Here, too, is a dream: to knit together the giant, unexploited heartland of Brazil and, eventually, to conquer the hostile, incomprehensibly rich and fertile Amazon River Basin to the north. And while this is a task for many generations, Brazilians are confident it can be done.

Lights weave a pattern in a downtown office building.

The Rev. Charles Clay (left), superintendent of Methodist work in the area, talks with two Brazilian congressmen: Coimbra of Rio, and Cruz of São Paulo. The latter, a Presbyterian layman, works closely with Methodists in Brasilia.

Tercio Ayres, student and teacher.

Dr. P. H. B. da Silva, heart surgeon.

Albileo Trentino Ziller, banker.

Methodist Faces in Brasilia

IN 1883, AN ITALIAN monk had a prophetic dream. "Between parallels 15 and 20," he later wrote, "in the place where three rivers will form a lake, a great civilization will be born." He could not have foreseen the city there today.

The "great civilization" is not yet, but men have built a dam to force the three rivers into a blue lake on three sides of the city. A paved, two-mile airstrip was built here before there was a Brasilia, thus launching the unborn town immediately into the jet age.

"This," said Brazil's former president, Juscelino Kubitschek, "is our Capital of Hope."

Few others thought so. From the first, the idea of a new capital in Brazil's isolated interior was violently controversial. For one thing, beautiful Rio de Janeiro did not relish the idea of becoming the former capital of South America's largest nation (almost half the continent's land area).

"Socially and economically," Kubitschek said, "Brazil is still only a long, narrow strip along the coast." As many others have done, he pointed out that one of the world's greatest expanses of unexploited land lies in the interior beyond Brazil's coastal range.

The builders went to work in 1957, following a prize-winning plan drawn up by Lucio Costa. Oscar Niemeyer, perhaps the best known of imaginative Brazilian architects, was called on to design the public buildings.

Brasilia grew through revolution and dispute, and through the indifference of Kubitschek's successors. A red gash across the jungle to the south became a highway, and by land and air people began to arrive by the thousands. In 1960, when Brasilia officially succeeded Rio de Janeiro as

Lay leaders in Brasilia's Central Methodist Church also have leadership roles in other areas of community life. Maria Furtado, principal of Brasilia's Modern High School (at right) also teaches an intermediate church-school class at Central Church.

Capt. Edison Dytz, communications expert.

Sunday afternoons find Captain Dytz teaching in a slum neighborhood.

the national seat of government, its population was 70,000. Within one year that figure had almost doubled, and today it stands close to 350,000.

The new city is laid out in the shape of an airplane. Residential and business areas are situated along a line represented by the wings. Along the fuselage: government offices, hotels, banks, recreational centers, and administration buildings. At the tail: railroad yards and industrial areas. In the cockpit: the imposing Plaza of the Three Powers—home of the executive, legislative, and judicial bodies of the Brazilian government.

When photographer Don Rutledge recently visited Brasilia on assignment from TOGETHER, he found "a paradise for the tourist and a promised haven for dreamers." He was impressed, he said, by the planning which divides the city into neighborhood units which are called "superblocks."

"Each unit has hospitals, schools, markets, churches, and all the primary needs of a population. Each superblock has its own stores, is completely shielded against noises and traffic hazards, thus affording absolute comfort and safety for its dwellers."

An American, conditioned to busy thoroughfares and traffic jams, is impressed by Brasilia's complex highway system of cloverleafs and multilevel roads—if for no other reason than that intersections, as potential hazards, are eliminated. As a result of such foresight, Brasilia is free of many traffic problems and inconveniences that plague most other cities.

If the city is new, ultramodern, and sleek, the role of the church there is an old one. Brasilia is inhabited by

The Image Brightens...

people—therefore, despite its soaring architecture, wide boulevards, and high aspirations, Brasilia is no Utopia.

Long before the city rose from red clay, the Methodist Church arrived on the scene. In 1957, Brazilian Bishop Isaias Sucasas of São Paulo came to stake off a claim and to build a church. This he did, virtually with his own hands, although at first it was little more than a shack.

It was almost surprising for the church to find itself welcomed with open arms by a steadily growing influx of workers. Doors were open everywhere—and American Methodism joined the Brazilian church in getting work underway in Brasilia when, in 1962, the Rev. Robert Martin arrived. The Rev. Kenneth Traxler came in 1963. The present superintendent of work is the Rev. Charles W. Clay who was appointed in 1965. Mr. Clay has served in Brazil for more than 30 years, about half of that time with the Brazilian Methodist Board of Education.

Brasilia's national television station, said to have the tallest tower in South America, blends well with the architecture of the unique city below it—and is complete with restaurant at the lower level. Over this station, the Rev. Charles Clay appears in a regular Monday-night telecast.

For Brasilia's home viewers, the Central Methodist Church choir is presented by Mr. Clay in a televised recital.

Not only did the Americans find a bustling, progressive city full of intellectual and material wealth—they found early construction shacks threatening to become permanent slum dwellings; and on all sides of the metropolis, in satellite communities, were people who for one reason or another could not share in the dream of Brasilia.

And there were social distinctions, which remain—even as they do in the former capital.

"There is little contact and social interchange between the rich and poor, whether Christians or not," says one Methodist leader, pointing out that this is largely the result of economic factors.

"The Protestant church, for several reasons, has made much effort within the lower-class group and little effort with the upper class," he continued. "It isn't unfair or inaccurate to say that the Protestant church has an inferiority complex and at times a persecution complex. But complexes or not, we preach that the Gospel is needed by all and is sufficient for all."

Mr. Clay says that Methodist work among all classes is being stepped up, "all the way from prominent government officials to illiterate slum dwellers. It includes regular evangelistic activities, adult literacy classes, kindergartens, social work, and the like. Besides the work in Brasilia proper, we have work in four satellite towns."

Mr. Martin, as a missionary from the United States, had hardly arrived before he found his services in wide demand. Soon he was teaching English in the University of Brasilia. Then he became, by insistent invitation, the first Protestant chaplain in a Brasilia hospital, serving part time in that capacity. Later, when an orphanage in nearby Taguatinga needed a director, he accepted the post on a temporary basis. Of his work there, Mr. Martin says:

"It is thrilling to watch the development of children—

In what has been described as the "Land of Tomorrow," Methodists hear an old call amid change. Illiteracy and poverty exist, even here. And there are the never-changing needs of working mothers and kindergarten children (left), as well as the fun and fellowship of a young people's picnic (right).

Painstakingly, toward the end of a long life, she is learning to write in a literacy class conducted at a Methodist church near Brasilia. A great deal of illiteracy persists in so-called satellite cities which continue to spring up and grow around Brazil's bustling new capital.

The Rev. Robert (Bob) Martin is an American Methodist missionary who came to Brasilia in 1962—and turned into one of the city's busiest men. In addition to his other work, he teaches English at the University of Brasilia.

Amid Change, an Old Call...

some of whom would not speak for fear of being beaten. They preferred to remain quiet so as not to be noticed. Also it was thrilling to watch them begin to eat normally. Upon arriving, they would gulp down huge portions of food, not knowing if another meal would be coming, for these children know what it is to be hungry . . ."

American missionary efforts in Brazil were underway as early as 1835, but did not reach fruition until the latter part of the 19th century. In 1930, nine years before reunion of the three branches of Methodism in the U.S., the Brazilian church became autonomous.

The affiliated autonomous Methodist Church of Brazil is a "continuation of Methodism, historical branch of the universal church of Jesus Christ, founded in England by John Wesley in 1739." So reads the constitution of Brazilian Methodism. It means independence—and co-operation.

In Nucleo Bandeirante, a suburb of Brasilia, the Rev. Francisco Correia, a Brazilian Methodist pastor, preaches from the pulpit of his church.

A new Methodist church and community center rises in the satellite city of Gama. Wide-angle-lens distortion makes the walls appear to slant.

Methodism's work in Brasilia reflects the church's growing concern for the Portuguese-speaking nation's 70 million people. The call for stepped-up participation throughout the country, say Methodist leaders, "is a call (for Methodists) to join heartily in the support not only of their own denomination but also the growing interdenominational and ecumenical program in this vast and rapidly developing 'Land of Tomorrow.'"

Throughout the nation, more than a dozen Methodist schools have been established, and church membership has passed the 57,000 mark. Methodism in Brazil established its Methodist Press near São Paulo to publish magazines, church-school literature, new books by Brazilian authors, and translations of valuable books on Christian education, church history, and devotional life.

Although autonomous, the Brazilian church is neither

Mrs. Easter Correia, wife of the pastor of the Nucleo Bandeirante church, teaches a sewing class to women in one of the satellite cities near Brasilia.

Near Brasilia, too. Will there ever be a city, no matter how well planned and new, without slums and poverty?

...And the Church Answers

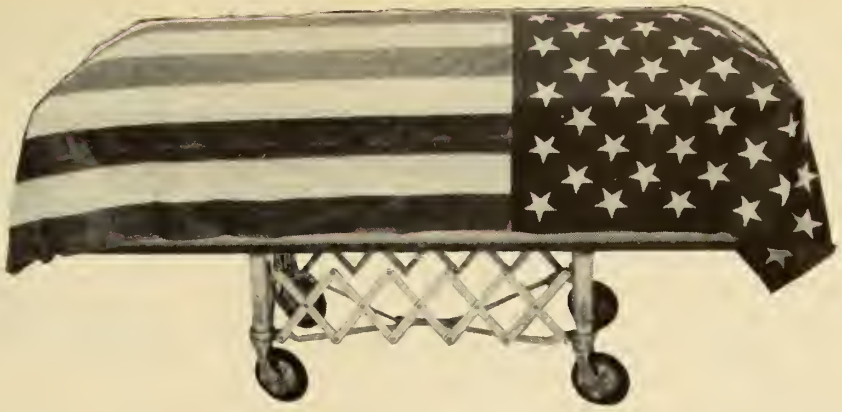
cut off nor secessional. In Brasilia, as elsewhere, it stands beside American Methodism, still called the "mother church." There is self-direction, but U.S. Methodists continue to give spiritual and financial aid.

In the new city, photographer Rutledge found six organized churches and seven missions. There were 335 registered members and some 600 people who regularly attend the various church schools conducted by the denomination.

"Already," he reported, "there are three Woman's Societies, six youth groups, two children's societies, and eight church schools. Fifteen pieces of property have been bought, and seven churches erected with parsonages."

So it is that in Brasilia, the church brings its own message of hope and promise—a hope and promise beyond the mere dream of a new world capital destined to link coastal Brazil with its vast, rich, and unexploited interior. □

The hope and promise is here—among children in a church school taught by Methodist Deaconess Maria Pereira (center).



THANKS A LOT!

By BOB W. BROWN

THIS WHOLE business of war disturbs me. I was too young to be drafted in World War II or Korea. Now I'm a preacher, draft-exempt. I have never felt compelled to enlist as a chaplain. The truth is, I am not eager to see war firsthand.

As a Christian, I find the arguments for pacifism very persuasive. But there is a conflict within me. I can't see sitting back and letting the innocents be overrun by aggressors. Turning the other cheek sounds right, at least for the other fellow. But compromising with slavery sounds wrong.

Anyway, I've been thinking a lot about it lately, especially since this kid from my hometown was killed in Viet Nam. He was 19. My parents knew him and thought a lot of him. My dad, a veteran, was pretty upset about the whole thing when he wrote me about it.

My hometown is a little Kentucky county-seat town. Nearly everyone there is related by blood or marriage and, if they aren't kin, at least they come pretty close. They had a big military funeral for the boy.

This was in my mind the other morning when I read that a boy from here in Lexington had been killed. He was 19, too. We don't have but a couple of boys from our church in Viet Nam, and to tell the truth they don't write to the preacher much. Guess they are too busy with the war.

Anyway, I decided to go to his funeral. It was really an impulse. No one there knew me, nor did I know any of them. I just sat down in the back row of the chapel.

Ministers don't attend many funerals that someone else conducts. They ought to occasionally. It brings some things into focus. For instance, I noticed the fumbling, self-conscious way friends came. They try to say something to the family, but usually they are so awkward and crude that no one hears what they say. But they come, and that's what counts.

There were two or three teenage boys. They really looked like bewildered children in spite of their long, long hair and austere expressions. One of them wanted to cry and chewed his lip until I thought it surely would bleed. They had to be friends of the dead soldier. He probably had that austere look once himself.

An organ was playing quiet hymns designed to comfort the bereaved. The dead soldier probably preferred rock 'n' roll, so he might have been amused at this soft music. I looked at his young friends to see if they were reacting that way, but they were really too hurt to listen or to care.

I felt more at ease when the minister started the service. His voice rose and fell as he read again the familiar passages from the Scriptures. Then I began to wonder what he would say. What would I say? What does anyone say?

When a clergyman first begins a funeral service, the survivors always look up at him so anxiously, so expectantly. It is awesome. They look like they expect you to raise the dead, or at least say something miraculous that will heal the hurt. They watch you and their eyes beg for healing.

As you speak, you see them sink back into their sorrow and withdraw. They are not angry with you, though, for they know that no one can really share their sorrow or defeat their enemy. You tried, anyway, and they will love you for it.

Like the other listeners, I was comforted by the sound of the pastor's voice, but I couldn't concentrate on what he was saying. I looked over to where the family was sitting. The mother was a large woman. She was overweight and her face was flushed. For a moment she looked like she might have a stroke. But she swallowed rapidly several times, each time literally

choking down her spasms of grief.

They were poor. She had on a hat that looked like Minnie Pearl. Her clothes were all dark except for an aqua scarf around her neck. She obviously had worked hard.

She was sick now. Unaccustomed to sitting still for anything or any length of time, she wanted to touch her son, to hold him, to scold him for enlisting in the army. I wanted to sit beside her and let her tell me about the boy. This would have helped her.

She coughed and choked again and moved her ponderous weight in the chair. I was sure she was going to stand up and go over to the casket. But propriety dictated otherwise, and she stayed in her chair. For some reason I thought of Mary, helpless at the foot of the cross.

The father was completely withdrawn. Not a tear. He was of average size, average appearance. You meet fellows like him every day and never notice or remember them. They put gas in your car, or sell you shoes, or fix your gutters, or deliver your mail. He was nobody to me. Or maybe he was more to me than I ever could realize.

I wondered what he was thinking about. The pride he had felt when the boy was a baby, or the times the boy had sat in his lap, or maybe hit a double with the bases full? As I watched him, he winced. It was nearly imperceptible. Was it the realization of loss, or was it a painful memory? Surely he and the boy had quarreled. Like all fathers, he had failed at times. That painful thought would cause him to grimace.

A little girl about 10 was sitting by the father. A sister? I guess she was perplexed, too. No, she wasn't as confused as she was afraid. That was it. Naked fear all over her little face, in her eyes and her shaking hands. Afraid of death and of her parents in this strange, somber mood. Afraid of the minister and the casket.

Death is for grown-ups, not children. Little girls should play dolls, skip rope, and wear frilly dresses. They should not be in funeral homes. Leave the wars and funerals for adults. They have lived enough and sinned enough to die.

When the minister finished his message, he led in prayer. The prayer was brief and I knew he was glad it was over. He had done his best, but it wasn't good enough. It never is.

The funeral director and an assistant appeared. Mechanically they moved the flowers and closed and bolted the casket. In a matter of minutes, they had lined up the casket bearers, ushered the family to the cars, and had the procession on the road behind a police escort. Before we left, a janitor was vacuuming up the rose petals.

I REALLY don't know why, but I joined the procession. By now I wanted to say something to the boy's family. They looked so lonely and afraid. This was my ministerial conduct showing through.

As we drove out into the country toward the national cemetery, my reactions became better focused. I was going to see the boy buried because I felt indebted to him. He had died for me and my kids. He deserved some respect.

The cars passed us by. They slowed down but didn't stop. A lineman on a utility pole looked down at us. A Greyhound rushed by on the other side. A woman mowing a yard glanced our way. A nurse was waiting on the corner for a ride. Some boys were playing ball in a vacant lot. University students were hurrying to class. A bread truck was coming out of a grocery. The disc jockey on my car radio was selling soft drinks.

The world was going on with business as usual. It bothered me. The kid was dead and maybe 50 people cared enough to stand by his grave. Someone should have told those other people that a hero was riding by. Maybe if they had known, they would have stopped . . . tipped their hats . . . saluted . . . raised the flag.

No, that is not the point. Heroes die so kids can play ball on vacant lots, and women can mow their grass, and students can learn or demonstrate, and disc jockeys can sell soft drinks. It is not heroic if the world stops when you go by. The fine sheen of courage loses its luster if it is marred by adoration and praise. Best that men go on their way. Heroes, even kids who die in a confusing war, would be embarrassed at flag-raising and hat-tipping.

The cemetery was a product of the Civil War. Not many graves have been opened there since World War II. It is out in the country—way out in the country. When the cars all stopped you could hear the mockingbirds sing, and smell the lilacs. A squirrel just squinted an eye from the lower branch of an oak.

This is not the contrived silence of a funeral chapel, where every noise is smothered by accoustical tile and the hum of an air conditioner. This is the silence of the Kentucky woodlands. You can hear the birds and bugs and breezes.

Nor do you smell the stale perfume of cut flowers and the odors of too many nervous people. The air smells of honeysuckle and roses, as well as lilacs.

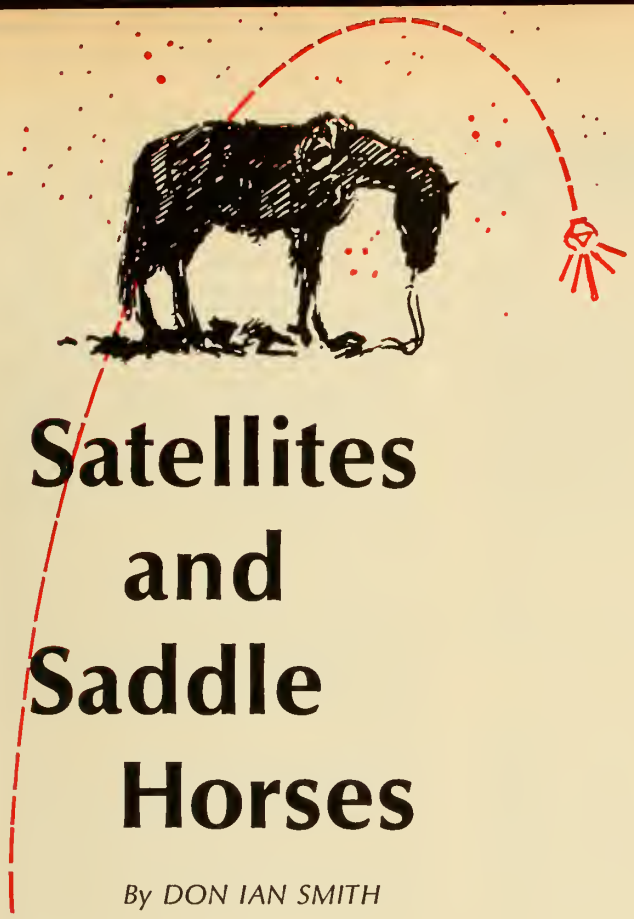
The preacher read and prayed again. A young soldier down over the hill played taps. As he played, the old sexton folded the flag—tenderly, like touching a baby. There was a tear on his cheek when he laid it on the mother's lap. She pulled the flag to her big bosom and held it there like a baby.

How strange—I thought the bugler was still playing taps, but when I looked he wasn't. I guess the sound just hung in the air. Or did the mockingbird sing "and goodnight"?

I felt awkward now, and obvious. Somehow everyone seemed to look at me, but no one saw me. Viet Nam? I'm no politician or statesman. Maybe it's all wrong, our being there and all that. They will have to work it out at higher levels. But this kid died alone in a jungle 10,000 miles from home. Of that I'm sure. God help us all.

I walked over to the mother and father and took them by the hand. I wasn't acting the preacher. I was just a man with two youngsters of his own.

"I came because I'm grateful," I said. "I didn't know your boy, nor do I know you, but thanks. Thanks a lot." □



Satellites and Saddle Horses

By DON IAN SMITH

IN OCTOBER of 1957, I went elk hunting in central Idaho with two good friends. It was a good trip.

By the third day, after packing our gear 15 miles into the wilderness, we had bagged three elk. Then, that night, nine inches of wet snow fell, and both we and our horses and pack mules became impatient to return home.

We hit the trail at noon the next day, making good headway, and as we approached the road to meet our wives at the agreed upon rendezvous, I did a little bragging:

"We've made 15 miles in less than four hours. That's really traveling, loaded down as we are!"

But as we packed up for the homeward drive, the women began reporting what was then remarkable news: "The Russians have launched a satellite that is orbiting the earth at 18,000 miles an hour."

"Wow!" I said. "Our 15 miles in four hours doesn't sound like much now, does it?"

Since that day, I often have pondered the contrast between satellites and saddle horses. I have reached one conclusion: no matter how many satellites are sent into space, the value of a saddle horse remains unchanged—when he is working at the tasks he's fitted for.

On our saddle trip we saw and appreciated things that no orbital traveler will ever see—wild game and clear streams and majestic trees. We inhaled pine and sage-scented air. We had time to think and visit.

I don't wish to seem old-fashioned, and I'm not making light of scientific inventions. I know we must keep abreast of technological developments. But let's not confuse speed with progress. With all our getting of machines and gadgets, we may go backward in things of the mind and spirit.

We must remember that unless there is something important to do when we get there, a jet trip from coast to coast means far less than a quiet, thoughtful walk in our own backyard.

As I talk to the present generation of college students, I get the impression that many young people have seen the world, but almost nothing in it. They have been many places—but they have traveled at a speed too rapid to see things with understanding eyes.

When speed in itself is our aim, we miss the fun of knowing people. Some time ago I flew from New York to Salt Lake City. I met the man across the aisle, but I can't say that I really became acquainted with him. A few months earlier I had made the same trip by train, and had time to make a couple of casual friendships.

Contrast this with the experience of my ancestors, who by the end of their wagon trek across the plains had made lifelong companions. We cannot go back to covered wagons, of course, but people traveling at their speed did have time for friendships.

At our little summer cattle ranch in the mountains, I rode my horse into the upper meadow one morning to change the set of water in the field I was irrigating. I was hurried, thinking of all the errands waiting for me in town.

As I approached the ditch to pull up a canvas dam, I noticed something I had missed the night before—a raspberry bush loaded with plump, ripe fruit. Impatiently, I thought how I'd like to get right off my horse and eat those berries—if I just had time.

Then another thought hit me so hard I've wondered ever since if that burning bush Moses saw wasn't a wild raspberry bush loaded with prime fruit:

"If I don't have time to eat these berries before the birds get them, what's the use of irrigating? What's the use of having a ranch, or a job, or of living at all? God has offered me this lovely thing, and I think I have no time for it."

So I dismounted and did the birds out of a feast. I took time to savor a lovely moment as it presented itself. And I realized that the meaning of life is not to be found in some great, wonderful moment that breaks upon us like a wave. Instead, it comes through appreciation of countless little moments that come each day to those willing to receive them, willing to see them with the eyes of understanding.

A child's smile, the gaze of a loved one's eyes, a bird song at sunrise, raspberries by an irrigation ditch—these things give life meaning. And we miss these things when we try to gear our lives to the speed of satellites.

Yes, there is a difference between going fast and getting somewhere important. The most meaningful life ever lived—the Life that gave us the standard by which we measure all life—experienced only the speed of foot and donkey travel. And He never moved farther than 100 miles from his birthplace. □

This essay is included in a book by Mr. Smith, titled By the River of No Return, *to be published later this spring by Abingdon Press.*—EDS.

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

THREE letters this month point to a topic which I believe deserves our attention. It is not a subject which we usually discuss openly, and for that reason a dark shadow of superstition and fear surrounds it. Here are the letters:

"I am a boy, 18. Some months ago a university chaplain talked to our MYF group about homosexuality. His frank and open attitude started me reading and thinking about my own homosexual problem. For a long time, I had really been afraid to go out. Now gradually I am beginning to understand myself. Where does the young homosexual go in his church to talk about his problems? I could not speak to my minister or my parents.

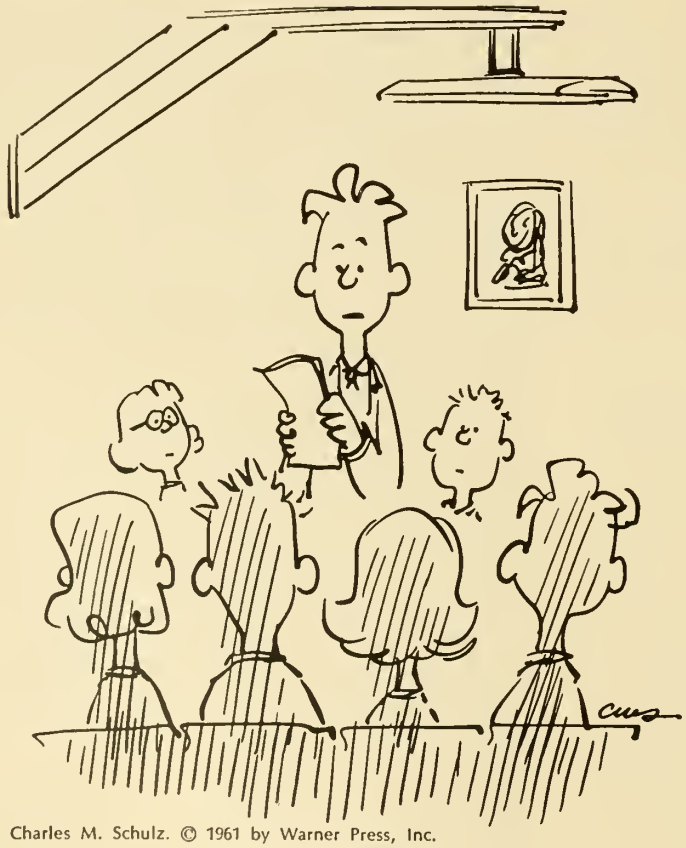
"I really spent a miserable two years before I met anyone who could accept me and talk with me. Is our church in general doing anything to help the homosexual? Please say something in your column about it."—D.B.

"I am a girl, 16, and in love with a boy two years older than I. He tells me that he likes me very much, but he cannot love me because he is a homosexual. He also tells me that his minister and his psychiatrist say he cannot change, so they are trying to help him adjust to it.

"I do not know why he is like this, because he was raised in a good Christian family. My girl friend says that I can change him if I will have sexual intercourse with him. Do you think that would help?"—P.S.

"I am a 16-year-old homosexual. Most people seem to believe my problem is a voluntary sin. For this reason I have told no one about my abnormality. Homosexuality seems to be as much a part of me as the color of my eyes, but I am forced to live a lie, and am constantly miserable.

"The church, to which I would naturally turn when so troubled, says nothing to me. Mine is a widespread problem, but it is virtually ignored. I sit through MYF discussions of alcoholism, delinquency, and drug addiction, but no one dares to mention my problem. Are we that disgusting? Are we unacceptable in the eyes of God? Please say a word in your column about those of us who suffer in silent despair."—R.H.



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1961 by Warner Press, Inc.

"And so, to conclude my report on the beliefs of 400 different denominations, I can only say that, in my opinion, somebody has goofed!"

I agree that it is time we brought the problem of homosexuality out into open discussion. We do no good by pretending it does not exist, or by ignoring it in the hope it will go away.

First we need definitions. What is homosexuality? Briefly, it is love of the same sex. The homosexual is a person who is persistently attracted, both emotionally and physically, to persons of the same sex. All of us go through a homosexual phase while growing up. At a certain stage, boys are attracted to boys and girls to girls. Many have memories of a kind of sexual experimentation with someone of the same sex during this time. Such experiences do not mean a person is destined to be a homosexual. True homosexuality is an attraction for those of the same sex which continues into the late teens and the years beyond.

The typical homosexual is in most ways just like anyone else. He is neither a sex maniac nor a dangerous person. He usually has no pronounced mannerisms or distinguishing characteristics. Those unfortunate young people in every school who are branded by malicious rumor as "fairies" and "effeminate" are often not homosexual at all.

What can be done to help the homosexual? It is usually a good idea to encourage such a person to see a psychiatrist. Some estimates show that professional counseling can help about one in four to learn to love persons of the opposite sex. Others can be helped to understand their problem better and to accept themselves as persons. For some, homosexuality is only a symptom of a deeper emotional problem which should be treated in its own right. Surely it is false to believe that amateur counseling or encouraging the homosexual to have intercourse can be of any help.

How can the church minister to the homosexual? Several conferences have

been held by church leaders in recent months to answer this question. More and more ministers are receiving training in the pastoral care of the homosexual. I think we need to see that homosexuals are *persons*. They are God's sons and daughters. God does not disown his children because they are different, or because they are sinners. Through Jesus Christ he reveals his steadfast and forgiving love.

How can we express this reality in our churches? A young man in one of our conferences showed us one way. He said, "In our church, the minister and two or three others know I am a homosexual. They do not tell anyone about my problem, and if rumors start, they stand up for me. Because they know me as I am, and yet accept me and forgive me, I can believe that God still cares. I have the courage to worship and serve in the church because of these special friends, and if I have a problem, I always know where to go."

It seems to me that many of our churches could minister in this redeeming way to the homosexual young person, even as they minister to others of special need.

Q&A

I am a senior girl. I wish you could help me find an organization which would put me to work helping needy children of the world this summer. I am deeply interested in working with children, and have taught preschools in church school for five years. I'll travel anywhere I am needed.—L.M.

It pleases me to see how many young people are looking for summer service opportunities abroad this year. One good contact is Mr. Fritz Le Roque, 2815 Yojoa Place, Hacienda Heights, Calif. 91745. His group has organized work camps for Christian youths in several countries for the past eight years. In 1967, nine work teams will go to Israel, Greece, central Europe, and the Far Pacific. The work-team leaders are Methodist ministers and their wives, all with special skills which qualify them for this work. Write to Mr. Le Roque for information.

Q&A

I am writing about the girl whose friends teased her because she was a candy-striper in a hospital. I went through it, too. I was a candy-striper for a year and a half. I took even more teasing about it since I am a boy. Most of it was not malicious, but it did get tiresome.

Why do teen-agers make fun of those who do this kind of work? I learned a lot about people in that hospital, and enjoyed every minute of it. Now I am a surgical orderly at another hospital, and well on my way to a career in medicine. I would advise anyone who is considering a medical career to start as a candy-striper. As you have often said, dating and social life can wait awhile if necessary.—V.W.

Your experience strengthens a growing conviction of mine. I believe most every young person could profit from a period of voluntary service of some type. Many youth groups engage in work projects, and this is excellent, but even better is an extended, intensive period of service in a community agency.

Candy-striping makes it easy to work in a hospital. Opportunities to work in other agencies may open up only if we do a little pushing. Adult friends may be able to find a place for us to serve in welfare agencies, parks and playgrounds, libraries, tutoring programs, or even local political parties. In fact, for those who do not need to work for pay or who cannot find a job, working a summer or after-school job without pay could be an enriching experience.

Many young people worry about adult life because they have only a vague notion about what goes on behind the doors of business and industry. Maybe a youth group could work out a "project infiltration" to infiltrate local shops and offices. After finding out how many would like to work without pay after school or for a period of time in the summer, adult leaders could canvass local businessmen to see who would be willing to train a young person in exchange for the work he or she could do. Maybe some of our readers have tried this kind of project and could let us know how it worked out for them.

Q&A

I am the girl who wrote wondering whether God is dead. **(Teens Together, *December, 1966, page 51*).** ***Since I wrote that letter something happened to change my feelings. We were staying in our house trailer one night when a tornado struck. We were swung around and carried about 30 feet. Then a giant willow crashed***

CAN YOU CALL THEIR CALLING?

By Erma Reynolds

CAN YOU match these biblical characters to their occupations? Names and occupations are scrambled; your job is to match them properly. Sixteen to 20 correct answers is excellent; 12 to 15 is good; 9 to 11 is average. If you match less than three correctly, make it your occupation to study up on Bible occupations! Here is the list:

1. Luke	**a. fisherman**
2. Adam	**b. tax collector**
3. Dorcas	**c. farmer**
4. Joseph	**d. seamstress**
5. Zenas	**e. teacher**
6. Alexander	**f. musician**
7. Zebedee	**g. gardener**
8. Matthew	**h. secretary**
9. Jubal	**i. tentmaker**
10. Lydia	**j. coppersmith**
11. Barnabas	**k. physician**
12. Boaz	**l. inventor**
13. David	**m. carpenter**
14. Noah	**n. singer**
15. Omri	**o. lawyer**
16. Daniel	**p. woman judge**
17. Aquila	**q. saleswoman**
18. Tertius	**r. boatbuilder**
19. Heman	**s. city builder**
20. Deborah	**t. president**

Answers:

1-k (Colossians 4:14), 2-g (Genesis 2:15), 3-d (Acts 9:39), 4-m (Matthew 13:55), 5-o (Titus 3:13), 6-j (2 Timothy 4:14), 7-a (Mark 1:19), 8-b (Matthew 10:3), 9-l (Genesis 4:21), 10-q (Acts 16:14), 11-e (Acts 13:1), 12-c (Ruth 2:3), 13-f (1 Samuel 16:23), 14-r (Genesis 6:14, 22), 15-s (1 Kings 16:23, 24), 16-t (Daniel 6:2), 17-i (Acts 18:2, 3), 18-h (Romans 16:22), 19-n (1 Chronicles 6:33), 20-p (Judges 4:4, 5).

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Is space exploration antireligious? This question, which came from a Turkish listener to the Radio Voice of the Gospel, is one that Americans are asking, too. And the answer is another question: Why should God want to deny us the privilege of closer, better knowledge of himself, as disclosed in his creation?

Exploring space in order to launch deadly weapons against unfriendly nations, or to claim additional territory for ourselves would be antireligious, but seeking to learn the secrets of the universe is a natural expression of the blessed curiosity God has given all of us.

What is this 'new morality'? To say that it is nothing more than the "old immorality," with its looseness and lostness showing through its new dress, is to wisecrack. We cannot write off the confusion and chaos of these times, nor can we shrug off any honest effort to make man personally accountable and responsible. (Remember Paul's struggle with the ideas of law and grace and the burden of his great doctrinal Epistles to the Romans, Colossians, and Ephesians.)

Furthermore, we ought to see that the new morality, with its impatience on matters of external restraints, censorships, curfews, and their present-day equivalents, cannot be limited to sex. Responsible loving and living goes into business, into politics, into science, and into art. By profession, at least, the new morality treats persons with utmost seriousness, profound respect, and selfless love.

But do we love God and man enough to get along without rules?

Is the church both 'visible' and 'invisible'? Yes, but neither adjective succeeds in describing the church, nor does the difference between the church militant (in this world) and the church triumphant (in the next) tell us much. The reality and mystery of the church are one and the same; there can be no stress on visibility without an accent on invisibility, too.

With these cautions in mind, we may say that the visible church looks toward the continuation of self-interest and group interest that define the world. The invisible church, on the other hand, is identified with the evidences of grace, trust, and love that disclose God's care and concern.

"Are we living in a time of more questions and fewer answers?" Bishop T. Otto Nall, formerly Christian Advocate *editor, asks. "It's a good sign of the times." The bishop is episcopal leader of Methodism's Minnesota Area.*

down on the trailer, completely demolishing it. We all escaped with a few scratches. It is a miracle that we are alive. Now I praise the Lord for bringing us through safely. I wondered whether God is dead. Now I do not need to ask. I know he is alive, and continuing to save his world and his people.—A.P.

I rejoice with you in your fortunate delivery from death, and in your new-found faith in God. Men have through the ages discovered God in the vivid awe-filled moments which both dramatize the human condition and bring deliverance and new life. Sometimes the experience is not so dramatic, but a quiet crisis and a gradual unfolding of awareness and commitment. The deep gratitude of those who have looked into the chasm of sin and death and known salvation has been a most vital force for righteousness throughout the ages.

Q&A

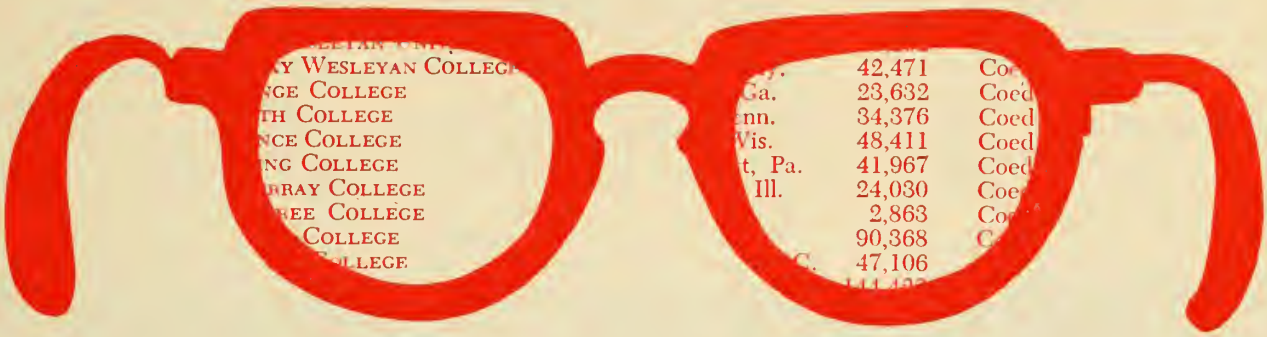
I am serving in the Army in Viet Nam. My problem is that I am an only child, and my mother has become a nervous wreck. She writes letters that say, "If anything happens to you they can just put me in a straitjacket and take me away." Her letters bother me, because I am having my own problems with my nerves. I just got blown out of a rice paddy. All I got from it was a concussion and a purple heart. What can be done about my mother?—Pfc. J.S.

Your letter reflects the deep human tragedy which is Viet Nam, and which any war represents. Your mother might be somewhat consoled by a letter from your chaplain. He could assure her that you are not alone, and that while the risk is great, everything possible is being done to guard your safety. He could encourage her to share her burden of fear and loneliness with her pastor or a close family friend. If you believe yours is an unusual hardship case, you might ask the chaplain to see if the Red Cross could investigate whether you should be transferred to noncombatant duty.

•

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. ***Write to him c/o*** Together, ***Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.***—Editors

Faced with more than 1,200 four-year accredited colleges and universities, bewildered parents of today's precollege students ask, "How do we choose one? What do we look for?" To help answer these and other questions, a noted educator offers the benefit of his experience.



For Parents Who Care

By *JOE A. HOWELL,* Dean of Men
Southern Methodist University

TO A PARENT, no material possession is as valuable as a child. Why is it, then, that few parents give as much systematic thought, time, and effort in helping a child select a college as they do in purchasing a new car or a home? After all, college well may be the most important investment of a lifetime —for both parents and child.

Recently, I asked a group of parents this question. Their answer, though simple, was truthful: they did not know what to look for, or how to investigate.

It is impossible, of course, to eliminate all risks in selecting a college environment best suited to your son or daughter. But there are a number of ways in which you can considerably reduce the chances of making a bad choice. A bit of extra effort now pays rich dividends later—especially in peace of mind.

To begin, a parent must recognize three fundamental facts about college selection:

1. *To be eligible is not enough.* The fact that your John or Jane ranked in the top half of his or her class and scored 1200 on the college-board examination is not sufficient reason to apply to a particular college. These are the eligibility requirements for any good school; they do not suggest that you should send your son or daughter to a school with a super academic reputation.

Did you know that even at the highly selective universities and colleges, approximately 50 percent of the entering freshmen fail to graduate?

2. *Your own college experience is not enough.* It is wrong to think that your child would fit into dear old alma mater just because you enjoyed it and know what it is like. Besides, it probably now is entirely different from the school you remember, unless you attended in the last five years. Remember this, too, when you are talking with enthusiastic alumni of schools you may not know personally.

3. *Your bank account is not enough.* Your ability to pay may help eliminate certain colleges due to cost, but it should never be the chief criterion for the final selection. The fact that you may have saved $15,000 for a child's education does not mean you necessarily should apply to an expensive school; nor should you automatically rule out a school that may sound too expensive. Many scholarships are available—and many students today earn part of their expenses by part-time jobs or summer work.

Most parents are aware of these three basic factors. However, once you have information about entrance requirements, costs, and perhaps have some firsthand information about several schools, the test of your real interest begins. It is at this point that many parents simply stop checking and start applying for admission. It is at this point, however, that the wise parent continues and begins to increase

the odds in his child's favor.

First, work closely with your son or daughter to find out what the colleges you are considering are really like "beneath their catalogues." This can best be accomplished by all three of you visiting the campus, preferably while school is in session, by the end of the junior year in high-school. Allow time for talking with many members of the campus community —the admissions officer, faculty members, deans, advisors, the chaplain, and students.

Be sure to spend some time just walking around the campus, watching the student body in action. Visit dormitories, the health center, the library, the cafeteria, and the student union.

Don't be afraid to ask pointed questions regarding school regulations pertaining to both academic expectations and social limitations. Have certain specific questions clearly in mind and ask them as you carry on a general conversation with as many different people as possible.

Here are a few of the questions parents have found most helpful in revealing the true atmosphere of a college campus:

Admissions Office:

How many new students will the college accept?

What courses will the average freshman take, and how large will his classes be?

Personnel Deans:

How many students live in the various dormitories? In each room?

What is the dorm supervision?

May a freshman select his roommate? Have a car?

Are there drinking regulations? Dating regulations?

Is there required chapel?

What are the freshman social activities?

Is there a personalized counseling program?

What should a freshman bring to college?

Faculty:

How do they evaluate the school in terms of their own experience?

Are they willing to give individual help if needed?

Would they send their own children to this college? Why or why not?

Students:

Do they like this college? Why?

Do they like living in the dorm?

Do they enjoy the social life, cultural activities?

What sort of religious emphasis is there? Is it meaningful?

Would they recommend the school to a personal friend?

How many hours a day do they study?

What courses give them the most trouble?

These, and similar questions of your own, should give you and your son or daughter grounds for definite feelings about the school. Then comes the crucial time.

First, try not to openly discuss your preferences or tentative conclusions with your son or daughter until all the evidence is in. Make this a family project, but do not bias or lead his thinking before he has a chance to think it over.

Second, after you have agreed on and, if possible, visited the three or four schools that seem to be the most suitable ones, openly discuss the choice that must be made.

For this discussion, you, the parent, should have clearly in mind a comparative summary of what each school offers. This summary could be drawn up in chart form for easy comparison.

When you have this conference, let the child talk first, giving his reasons for wanting to attend a certain college. Have him justify such things as distance from home, required wardrobe, emphasis on social life, religion, and curriculum.

After he has talked about his choice, either agree or disagree and state your reasons.

Your major goal is to help your child match his needs and his vocational goals to the school that best can fulfill them. There are over 1,200 accredited four-year colleges and universities, so you have plenty from which to select.

When the decision is made, help your son or daughter apply to the first three choices. Be sure the cover letter tells why you have chosen that school. Since most schools have more applicants than openings, this statement may gain your child admission over others who appear to be just shopping for space.

Well, there you have it. When you consider that you are talking about an investment that may be as high as $12,000 to $15,000, it really is not asking much that you spend a few hours talking with your child about his hopes, a few cents for postage to get information, a day each visiting three or four prospective campuses, and an evening to arrive at a sound mutual decision.

If your investment is wise, it will repay your child in hundreds of thousands of dollars of added income over his lifetime. But more important, a proper choice ensures that his four years in college will be time well spent in preparing him for a life and work that will benefit both him and society. □

SPRING MUDITATION

Who could punish a little boy
When he comes in muddy from head to feet,
His freckles ruddy from the wind,
His smile angelical and sweet?

Knowing the fun of sailing boats
In shiny puddles, who could scold
And put one cloud in the new spring sky
Of a happy lad, just six years old?

Though he tracked his mud from room to room,
Who could take him across her knee
And firmly spank his soggy pants?
Me!

—BEULAH FENDERSON SMITH

The Urban Training Center:

Helping the CHURCH to Know the CITY

Much of the UTC's creativity stems from its youthful director, Father James P. Morton, an Episcopal priest.

Ecumenical, interracial, and national in scope, a young Chicago institution uses the city as its laboratory in preparing Christian leaders to understand and cope with the complexity of the modern metropolis. By 1969, hopefully, it will be training 300 persons each year.

Text by **PAIGE CARLIN** / Pictures by **GEORGE P. MILLER**

AT FIRST GLANCE, the place seems to be decaying before your eyes. Like the surrounding neighborhood on Chicago's West Side, the old building has suffered the ravages of time and change.

But first impressions can be misleading. For here, in an old Congregational seminary building, the national Urban Training Center for Christian Mission has given birth to some of the most imaginative new approaches to Christian mission now being developed anywhere.

Taken as a whole, the Urban Training Center is involved in a multiplicity of projects, but its basic goal is to do what its name suggests: to train a new breed of ecumenical Christians who know the city by firsthand intimacy, who love it despite its disfigurements and shoddiness, and who want to find new ways for the church to serve and renew it. Its training program is not intended to produce urban specialists but to prepare ministers, priests, and lay men and women to work *with* the urban specialists, helping the church and the city to take each other seriously. And as Father James P. Morton, the 37-year-old Episcopal priest who serves as the center's director, likes to point out, Urban Training Center is uniquely ecumenical, interracial, and national in its present scope.

UTC had been in the planning stages almost three years when it became a functioning reality in September, 1964. From the beginning, it has occupied the second and third floors of the old seminary adjoining Chicago's First Congregational Church at Ashland Avenue and West Washington Boulevard. In two and a half years, it has enrolled more than 400 persons in a variety of programs, from one month to two years in duration. By 1969, it hopes to be training at least 300 persons each year.

Though easily confused with another remarkable Chicago institution, the Ecumenical Institute [see *Laboratory for Tomorrow's Church,* March, 1966, page 42], the Urban Training Center performs a distinctly different function. Where the institute concentrates on 44-hour weekend sessions, helping pastors and laymen to recognize the changing patterns of modern church life, the Urban Training Center works primarily with persons in full-time church work, and it enrolls them in varied programs of study and fieldwork lasting a minimum of one month.

Then, too, the institute focuses its effort primarily on the Chicago area, while UTC is a national center

Near the end of their first week at UTC, a new class of trainees, including Miss Wolsey, receive instructions from the UTC staff before starting their 3½-day "plunge" into the city. They are told to wear their "least pretentious" clothes, carry no personal items except toothbrush, comb, and social-security card, and to "play it by ear." They are urged to sleep one night in a transient hotel, spend another in an all-night cafe or movie, seek at least one day's work, and hear the "cries, questions, and answers" of the people they meet.

The Plunge...

NO TRAINEE at the Urban Training Center, not even a woman, is exempt from participating in the dramatic "rock-bottom plunge" which takes him to the heart of Chicago's worst slums and skid-row areas to learn personally what it means to be homeless, jobless, and nearly penniless in a great city. One recent participant was 23-year-old Margaret Wolsey, a native of Battle Creek, Mich., and a 1964 medical technology graduate of Michigan State University. After two years of work in a Chicago hospital, Margaret quit her job to enroll at UTC as a test to help her decide on a career change. She now is program coordinator for Mandell Methodist Church, a small congregation in a changing Chicago neighborhood, working with other church and civic groups in community organization.

which just happens to be located in the Windy City. It is, in fact, branching out steadily to conduct some long-term programs in other metropolitan centers.

Easily the most dramatic part of the Urban Training Center's program is its so-called "rock bottom plunge"—which initiates trainees into the cold realities of what life is like in the inner city. The pictures on these pages record some of the "plunge" experiences of one recent UTC trainee, Margaret Wolsey, a young Methodist from Michigan. She used one of the Urban Training Center's short programs to test her tentative decision to leave a career in medical technology and enter church-related work with community organizations. (Her stint at UTC confirmed the decision.) Her three and a half day plunge—wandering some of Chicago's most slum-ridden streets, working in a flea-powder soap factory, eating and sleeping in missions, talking with year-round residents of skid row—make dramatic pictures and a startling story.

But both Miss Wolsey and her UTC mentors emphasize that the plunge actually represents only a minor part of what the total training program seeks to accomplish. It is typical, however, of the way in which UTC uses the entire city as a training laboratory.

Miss Wolsey was not exactly a typical trainee. Most are men, and most are ministers. Also, she was among the earliest Methodist students. Although the Methodist Board of Missions was represented in early consultations which led to UTC's formation, Methodist financial support began only a year ago, and only one Methodist had enrolled before January, 1966. The Board of Missions now contributes $5,000 to the annual $300,000 budget, but the major share of denominational support continues to come from the United Church of Christ and the Protestant Episcopal Church, which together provide $48,000. The center has 21 national bodies represented on its board.

Early in its history UTC received important financial backing from independent foundations, principally the Sealantic Fund, and in 1965 the Ford Foundation granted $600,000 for four years. This has been used primarily to provide fellowships to help more pastors of Negro denominations and other minority churches enter the training program.

Reflecting the early and active involvement of their churches, Episcopalians, Lutherans, and United Church members are most numerous among UTC alumni. And as an indication of UTC's national outreach, the graduates represent 31 states, the District of Columbia, and seven foreign countries. Roman

Margaret spent one day on an assembly line, packaging flea-powder soap. Such temporary jobs, she found, involve waiting in line at 6 a.m. for an employment office to hand out work slips, standing for most of an 8-hour day, then returning to the job office to be paid. She used part of the $8.50 she netted to buy a sweater in a Goodwill store. Impressed by a feeling of "community" among drifters on Chicago's West Madison Street, she said, "The people have a sense of looking after each other." No one questioned her story that she had come from a small town and was ashamed to go home after failing to land an expected job.

Catholic students have included "secular" priests of several archdioceses, sisters of the Glen Mary order, and Josephite Fathers who work exclusively in Negro ghettos. The Josephites now require a period of study at UTC as a part of their seminarians' training.

Makeup of the staff also is typical of UTC's ecumenical orientation. Besides Director Morton, the faculty includes one other Episcopalian, a Missouri Synod Lutheran, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Methodist (Dr. Stanley J. Hallet, planning consultant), one member each of the Church of the Netherlands and the United Church of Christ, and, most recently, two brothers of Taizé, the famed Protestant community in France.

The number of UTC trainees enrolled at any one time varies, depending on what courses are being offered. Peak periods are spring and fall, when short-term programs are in full swing and enrollment averages about 80 persons.

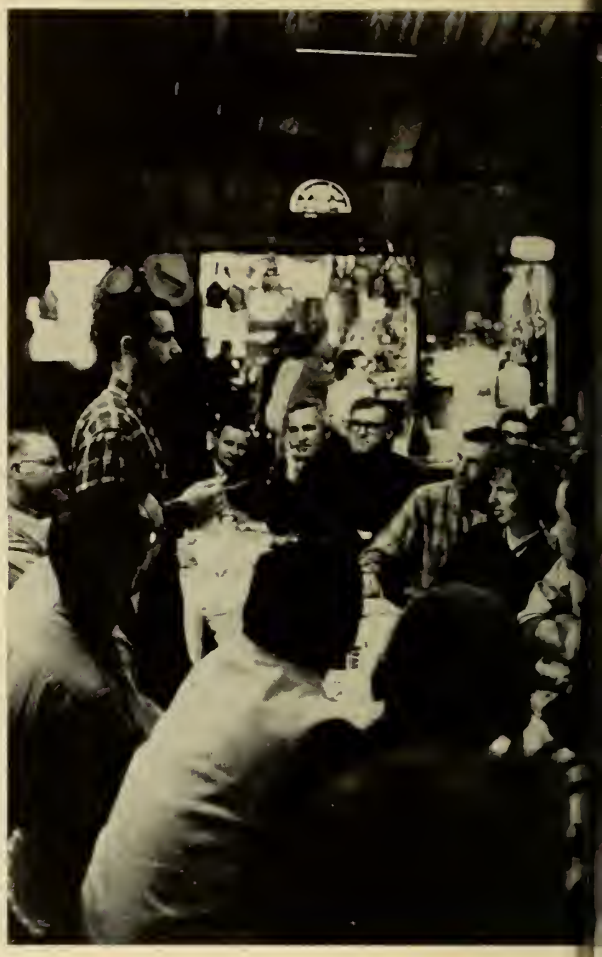
UTC's basic course is "Introduction to Urban Mission," offered in two alternative programs. During the current year (which began late last September), about 60 persons will participate in one of three sessions of what the UTC staff calls its 4-3-3 program. The numbers mean that enrollees spend their first four weeks at the center for basic orientation (including the plunge), return to their home cities for three weeks of applying what they have learned to their home situations, then come back to Chicago for another three weeks of research, consultation, and strategy planning.

A smaller number of students (about 45 this year) enroll only for the first four-week session, but the staff's intention is to limit this group to foreign students and denominational executives who cannot spare more time. They prefer to stress the fieldwork phase of 4-3-3, with trainees immersing themselves deeply in problems of their home situations, then seeking answers from their study and experience in Chicago.

This year about 60 "Introduction to Urban Mission" enrollees will be persons recommended by their own denominational leaders, whose expenses are paid entirely or in part by their denominations. (Methodist applicants are screened by Dr. Philip C. Edwards, urban executive in the Board of Missions.) Another 45 or 50 will be enrolled on the Ford Foundation fellowships. While in Chicago, short-term students live at a YMCA just two blocks from the center.

Longer-term UTC programs, under the general title of "Ministries in Specialized Areas," include studies

With little money for bus or subway fares, Margaret walked about 30 miles through all kinds of neighborhoods. The experience, she said, ended many of her fears of the city. She didn't tell her parents of the plunge until it was over.



The plunge ends when trainees (right), wearing clothes they have lived in for 3½ days, meet at a small cafe to share experiences in a "corporate sermon" and join in a Communion service and a full meal together. Classes at the center begin after noon the next day so the trainees can sleep in.

of three, six, nine months, or two years. Those who bring families live in furnished apartments provided by UTC. During the current year, about 100 long-term students will be enrolled, including 30 University of Chicago Divinity School students who study at UTC in a special six-month program.

At any one time at least 100 Chicago agencies, both public and private, co-operate with UTC in giving long-term trainees inside views of how they operate. Among them are units of city government, health and welfare groups, schools, labor unions, and agencies in the fields of real estate, urban renewal, law enforcement, city planning, and community organization.

The UTC calendar lists five long-term "specialized areas" in which students may work:

- Ministries within central-city or suburban problem areas (high-rise apartments, neighborhood centers, halfway houses, teen culture, the arts, entertainment, shopping centers, and transitional areas).
- Ministries in local neighborhood reorganization and action (community organization).
- Ministries at the metropolitan level (for persons responsible for relating churches to public issues or ministering to city decision-makers).
- Ministries within the Freedom Movement.
- Occupational ministries (for persons seeking to develop church-sponsored work in industrial organizations; a special two-year internship is conducted in conjunction with the Chicago Business Industrial Project).

While a student in one of the longer programs spends most of his days in fieldwork away from the center on Ashland Avenue, there is no lack of contact with the UTC staff and fellow trainees. In self-structured "reflection groups" of about six members, trainees meet with a staff consultant in "feed back" discussions on issues they confront in the field. In addition, the entire UTC "community" gathers every Wednesday noon at the center for a Communion service and business meeting.

All UTC trainees and staff members—representing Protestants of all hues, Roman Catholics, even Jews—worship together. In the UTC's own loose-leaf book of worship, two types of material emphasize its ecumenical approach—ancient orders of the early church, representing the common roots of many Christian traditions, and modern orders composed for specifically ecumenical situations like the Church of South India and the brotherhood of Taizé.

"We recognize that each person brings his own

Following her UTC plunge, Margaret worked with the North Side Co-operative Ministry in which her own church, the Methodist-EUB Parish of the Holy Covenant, is one of the cluster congregations. At left, she talks with the owner of a neighborhood grocery about proposed redevelopment of the area. Below, in a self-service laundry, she posts an announcement of hearings on an urban renewal project. Both as a Wesley Foundation member at Michigan State and in the Chicago church, she had been involved in a variety of social-action projects before her enrollment at the Urban Training Center.

tradition," explains Father Morton, whose own Episcopal background would seem to bar him from such an open style of Communion. "Canonically it is impossible for those of some traditions to participate in our worship, but theologically it is impossible not to."

During the weekly business meetings, each member of the community is free to bring up concerns which his work in the city has uncovered. Not surprisingly, because of close identification with the Puerto Rican-Negro neighborhood surrounding the center and because many students work in the Freedom Movement, many items brought before the meeting relate to racial problems. Appeals for volunteers to participate in civil-rights marches, sit-ins, teach-ins, and the like are common. So are appeals for funds. Supplementing these weekly discussions, bulletin boards along UTC hallways bristle with announcements of various social-action events throughout the city.

Earlier on Wednesday mornings, members of the community sit in on a weekly "hot line" conference which links the center with other key church and community organizations in a 14-station telephone circuit. The half-hour call is just one of the ways UTC keeps its staff and trainees alert to what is going on in the city. Add to this the speeches and interviews with civic leaders and the field experiences in which the trainees spend from two to six days a week, and it is no wonder that one student commented: "I was amazed that you *can* find out what the city is all about."

Finding out what the city is all about often leads the UTC community to align itself with Chicago action groups, notably community organizations of the West Side Negro ghetto. Some of these activities, predictably, have not endeared UTC leadership to the administration of Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley. Still, city officials do pay attention to what the UTC and related groups say and do.

As growing numbers of UTC trainees return to their homes throughout the country, it seems clear that leaders of other cities, too, will become increasingly aware of what these informed churchmen will be saying and doing.

Says Father Morton: "We hope we will have trained a group of men and women who look at the city with joy and hope instead of running away defeated. It will be a group of people who understand the complicated organization of metropolitan life. They will have learned that the church *can* be relevant to the city." □

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR BIBLE?

*By BEN F. LEHMBERG**

MANY CHURCHES have lost and found departments, and it is amazing to see the variety of things turned in—coats, hats, umbrellas, keys, gloves, pencils, handkerchiefs. A jar of honey was left in a pew at our church one Sunday, and a driver's license.

But do you know what is left most often at church? The Bible! More Bibles turn up in the lost and found department than any other single item.

Many of the Bibles, of course, are returned to their owners. Many others, I am happy to say, are put to use. Amazingly, we find that many people do not own Bibles, and we sometimes give them one of those that have been lost and not reclaimed.

But what about you? Have you lost your Bible? Maybe it has not been left at church. A person may own several Bibles, may have a copy in every room of his house, even on his desk at his office—and still he may have lost his Bible. For there are many ways of doing it.

You can lose your Bible by not reading it.

Recently a Bible survey was made in a large number of Ohio churches. One question asked was: "How often do you read selections from the Bible?"

In answer to this question, 15.7 percent of these church members said they read their Bibles daily; 54.9 percent said often; 19.6 percent said seldom, and 1.8 percent said never.

When asked, "What is your candid attitude toward the Bible?" 25.2 percent said they looked on it as a good book; 14.5 percent regarded it as an authority on social, political, economic, and religious problems; and 60.5 percent said they looked on it as God's Word for everyone at any time in history.

A third question was: "If you are not a consistent Bible reader, what obstacles prevent you?" Out of the total, 54.5 percent said they were too busy; 34 percent did not understand it well enough; 10.2 percent did not think it was necessary; and 1.2 percent did not think the Bible had anything of value to say today.

A few years ago the University of Denver published results of a campus poll of Bible-reading among students. Of the 9,000 students questioned, 6,000 admitted they never read their Bibles.

Several years ago, I was engaged in a citywide week of religious emphasis. Every church in the community had a visiting preacher, and some of us were sent to speak at school assemblies. One preacher referred in his message to the three friends of Daniel who were thrown into the fiery furnace because they remained loyal to their God. Afterward, a high-school boy asked: "Say, mister, what happened to them three fellows in the fiery furnace?"

What happened to the three fellows in the fiery furnace may not be the most important fact to know about the Bible, but if we dare call ourselves Christians, we ought to be familiar with our textbook—for the Bible is just that for Christians.

There are those who say, "I wish I were more familiar with the Bible." You can be if you read it.

You also can lose your Bible by worshiping it.

When I hear some people talk in sanctimonious and pious tones about the Bible, it seems that they actually are Bible worshipers rather than worshipers of the God of the Bible. Yet the Bible points to One higher than itself.

In Luke is a narrative about the time when Jesus had come back home, and was asked to read the Bible

** Dr. Lehmberg, who was pastor of First Methodist Church, Colorado Springs, Colo., and a member of the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, died after a heart attack in November, 1966.*—YOUR EDITORS

for a service in the synagogue at Nazareth. The Bible of Jesus' time, of course, consisted only of the Old Testament, and it was not like the Bible on our pulpits. It was in the form of a scroll, and it took many scrolls to contain all the Old Testament. Since there were no printing presses, every copy of each scroll had to be written by hand, a painstaking effort.

Jesus opened the scroll, we are told in Luke, and read from the book of Isaiah:

> *The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he has anointed me to preach good news to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.*

Luke says Jesus read this, and then "He closed the book." He rolled up the scroll and sat down. All eyes were on him. After a bit, realizing the people wanted to hear a word from him, Jesus spoke, but what he said did not please them. He said: "Today this scripture has been fulfilled in your hearing." That must have been a dramatic moment. Their hometown boy was saying, "I am the fulfillment of this Word."

Think of the symbolism associated with that act. He closed the Book, signifying that He is greater than the Book. We must never forget that. The Bible points to One greater than itself. The Book is the shadow; He is the reality. The Book was the forecast; He was the fulfillment. It is Jesus who made possible the New Testament. The Book is the teaching; He is the Teacher.

The Bible is not to be worshiped; it is our guide to the One who is to be worshiped.

Another way to lose your Bible is to make it say what it does not say.

The statement "You can prove anything by the Bible" has truth only if the Bible is misread and misused.

In a late TV movie I was watching, there was a courtroom scene in which the prosecuting attorney was pleading for the death penalty. The man on trial had killed another. Pleading for the death penalty, the lawyer said to the jury: "Remember, the Bible says, 'An eye for an eye.'"

He was right, the Bible does say that. But Jesus did not say it. Jesus said, "You have heard that it was said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' But I say to you, Do not resist one who is evil. But if any one strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also."

This suggests to me that everything in the Bible must be checked by the teachings and spirit of Jesus. If you find anything in the Bible that is contrary to what Jesus taught and lived, then it is not God's word for you. The Bible is a gradual revelation of God to man, and the climax of that revelation came in Jesus Christ. He is the authority.

You can lose your Bible by not taking its message seriously.

On a tour of Europe, a group I was in discovered the value of a reliable guide. We had a tour manager who gave us valuable information about a country we were ready to enter. As a result of his information we were able to avoid a number of pitfalls. Our guide arranged for us to see places of interest, including some places tourists do not usually visit.

The Bible is our reliable guide in hours of temptation. We have no lesser authority for that than Jesus himself. Picture him in the wilderness, fasting and praying, when temptations came. In answering these, he made use of the Scriptures: "Man shall not live by bread alone . . . You shall not tempt the Lord your God. You shall worship the Lord your God, and him only shall you serve." The knowledge the Master had of the Scriptures became a very present help to him in hours of temptation.

The Bible is also a reliable guide in time of special need and sorrow. One Saturday night I called at the hospital to see a dying man I did not know. I had never met him, but he asked for me, having worshiped with our congregation in his home via television. When I walked into the room, a smile came over his face, not because of who I was but because of the One I represented. I did not speak words of my own to him, but more authoritative words that have brought help and comfort through the ages. I read the 23rd Psalm and offered a brief prayer. He was not able to speak, but when I had finished, he nodded his head and smiled.

Recently a man came to Colorado Springs with the announcement that he would climb Pikes Peak three times in one day. And he did. His announcement brought this thought to me: So much of life is lived in the valley. God is with us in the valley of the shadows, and the Bible reminds us of that.

The Bible is a reliable guide to better living. No person who reads it faithfully and intelligently will continue to be the same kind of person. As truths of Scripture penetrate his mind, they will affect the way he lives. The Bible shows us a more excellent way.

Henry Ward Beecher referred to the Bible as "God's love letter to the world." Kierkegaard suggested that we read the Bible with the same thrill as a letter from home. The Bible, he said, is a letter from the Father.

Have you lost your Bible? If you have, open it and start reading once again.

Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy tells about visiting the late Albert Schweitzer at his hospital in Lambaréné. He said it was wonderful to follow him all day long at work, helping people. He was 84 years old at that time and stayed busy from morning to night. He said Dr. Schweitzer was tired at night, and looked tired. He said nothing during the meal. After dinner he walked over to the piano, and he walked like an old man. He played—and everyone sang a hymn. Then he walked back to his place, opened the Bible, and read from the Scriptures. Bishop Kennedy says a miracle took place. The weariness seemed to drop away. His eyes sparkled. His face glowed. The Bible seemed to renew his youth.

This Book will bring renewal to you. It will give you new life. To look elsewhere for this gift is futile. For, as Nels Ferré reminds us, "There is no hope for man outside the biblical faith." □

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

WE SEE things according to what we are and in the light of our experiences. As I grow older, it becomes more apparent that one of the most difficult things in the world is to look upon life from the other fellow's point of view. Our political ideas spring out of our economic and social conditions, and oftentimes I listen to a bitter political argument with a realization that the opponents are honest but live in different worlds. Not many of us are able with the prophet Ezekiel to sit where they sat and enter into their experiences.

This is nowhere more apparent than in the intense racial conflict of our time. With the best intentions in the world, I cannot understand completely my black brother because I have never been a Negro in a white society. Some of us realize this, and it is making us more humbled and troubled. What would world history sound like written from the viewpoint of Africa rather than Europe?

This is by way of introducing **JUBILEE** by Margaret Walker ***(Houghton Mifflin, $5.95).*** Miss Walker began planning this novel as an English major in Northwestern University. It is about her great-grandmother who was born into slavery and set free by the Civil War.

The heroine, Vyry, is a wonderful person in many ways. She has character, patience, and bears her troubles with dignity and courage. She lived on the plantation of John Dutton who was actually her father.

For this reason, Mrs. Dutton resented her and Vyry suffered more than her rightful share of punishment with no chance to protest or demand some simple justice. A free Negro named Randall Ware fell in love with her, and they were married in the sight of God. He tried to buy her freedom but was refused, so she and the two children remained slaves. Ware went into the Union Army. When he did not return after the war, Vyry married Innis who was a good man but not on his wife's intellectual level. They tried to find a way to make a living and provide for their children, but it was not easy, and they were cheated, persecuted, and wronged. Yet, through it all, Vyry remains a fine person.

Jubilee is a good story and it is a book that needs to be read by both black and white. It lacks the natural, smooth flow of a great novel, but this is probably because it is a first book. There is still something of the case study about it as well as a touch of propaganda. If Margaret Walker gets another book or two published, she will in all probability learn the flow and rhythm of the experienced novelist.

The dust cover refers to the book as the Negro *Gone With the Wind.* I don't think so, but it is a book that will open the eyes and minds of people not hopelessly imprisoned in their prejudices. It will give us perspective as we move forward toward solution of the race problem.

I have put off referring to **THE MAGUS** by **John Fowles** (***Little, Brown, $7.95***) because, while it is a well-written book, it simply is not my kind of novel. The story, set in the Greek island of Phraxos, deals with a young teacher caught up in the mystery of a wealthy Greek financier. There are some beautiful girls and all kinds of James Bond characters. To me, it became a hodgepodge of mystery and intrigue, with too much of everything.

Having said this, I am aware that I am being too personal in my reaction, for John Fowles can certainly write. The book was well reviewed by smarter men than I. But if by any chance you think your reactions might be similar to mine (which is nothing to be desired), then I think you can do better than to wade through this one. Like a sermon, a novel ought to be straightforward and clear. When they get too complicated and too involved, they lose me.

My guess is that most people assumed that **ALL IN THE FAMILY** by **Edwin O'Connor** (***Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.95***) was a novel about the Kennedy family. It may be that this is where the inspiration came from, but the further I got into the book, the more it seemed to me that the differences between the two families were more marked than the likenesses. Of one thing you may be sure, O'Connor knows how to tell a story, and I will never forget the pleasure his *The Last Hurrah* brought to me, to say nothing of *The Edge of Sadness.*

This one is about the Kinsella family and its ambitions to be something besides rich and powerful. Jack Kinsella, a nephew, tells the story of his Uncle Jimmy and his fierce pride in his two sons. Charles becomes the mayor and is slated to move on into the governorship. His brother Phil is to act as campaign manager. The nephew, Jack, who once served as secretary to Frank Skeffington (remember *The Last Hurrah?*) rejects an invitation to join the project.

Jack, whose mother died mysteriously (probably a suicide), was close to his father. He became a writer and so withdrawn and solitary that his wife drifts away from him. But there is a reconciliation and he observes what is happening to his cousins and uncle from a distance.

The explosion takes place when Phil, who has been devoted to Charles and his career, gets the idea that Charles is corrupted with his desire for power and no longer has a pure heart. A split comes in the family. Where nothing seemed to be able to stop the Kinsellas from achieving their highest ambitions, they now have lost the main thing, which is the family solidarity. Jack Kinsella discovers what he has been looking for and finds a happy life.

I feel the conclusion of the book is somewhat contrived. It does not quite measure up to the promises of its beginning, but it is still an outstanding novel.

At least one thing seems perfectly clear to me. When you read a book, you have something to think about. This is not true of TV—and not true very often of movies. There is even intellectual sustenance from the negative point of view, and for the writers who make us examine our own ideas, may the good Lord make us truly grateful. □

Looks at NEW BOOKS

Taking pictures for My Appalachia, *Edward Wallowitch found some byroads still in the valleys, some mountainsides unscarred by "progress." But many of the gifted, the young, the ambitious have left the region.*

THE TITLE of ***Windows on the Passion*** (Abingdon, $2.75) might lead you to believe this book is a series of meditations. Not so. It is a terse, dramatic statement that often takes the form of poetry.

The author, too, is unexpected: **Charles C. Wise, Jr.**, a security adviser in the U.S. Department of Defense. Trained in law and fiscal administration, he has been in federal government work since 1933, but during most of those years he has been doing an exciting job of church-school teaching at the same time. It is this combined background that gives authenticity to his writing as he puts himself in the place of Zacchaeus the tax collector, of a lawyer who admired Jesus' adroit answers to the questions the Pharisees put to him, of Judas, of Pilate, of Jesus' companions on the road to Emmaus, even of the devil, and of Jesus himself upon the cross.

This is a powerful book, strong and honest. It is inspiring reading for Lent and Easter.

In ***Yeshu, Called Jesus*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.50), boys and girls are carried back to the land of Israel in the first century A.D. There, in a hill town of Galilee, the Boy was growing up who was to fulfill the ancient messianic prophecy.

Claire Huchet Bishop's text, with brush drawings by Donald Bolognese, make him very real as he gathers with the other children around the community oven, goes with his mother to the spring that still flows today, is taken to the synagogue and to Jerusalem, and is part of the daily life of his village and his family. From this book, which draws on Hebrew, Roman Catholic, and Protestant Scriptures and creeds, both Protestant and Catholic children will acquire a more sensitive understanding of their Judeo-Christian heritage.

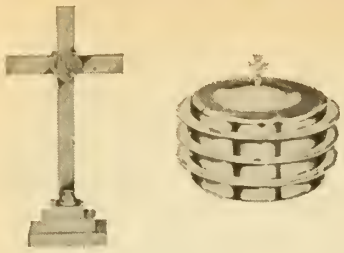
"How hard it was," writes Mrs. Bishop, "to accept the fact that Jesus had not come to fulfill the passionate and legitimate longing of his people for independence! He was not a king. He was not a political leader. He was not a magician. He was not a social reformer. He was not a prophet. And he was more than a teacher to those who followed him. He was the 'Good News,' God wishing not only to be *with us* but to be *one of us*."

"Before leaves appeared on the trees, starting even before water from the melting snows had run down the steep mountainsides to swell the rivers, wild flowers had begun their seasonal procession across the mountains. In early March, if the winter had not been too long and cold, we could climb Broomsedge Hill and find spring beauties and blue-eyed grass, fragile and dainty, coming out of the woods and running down the mountain to meet us."

Rebecca Caudill grew up in eastern Kentucky before the coal mines and the loggers came to scar the mountains and foul the streams, before poverty seamed the faces of the mountain people. In ***My Appalachia*** (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, $4.95) she remembers the good days and the bad days, writing with tenderness, pride, anger, and urgency of the sturdy independence of the mountain people, the suddenness with which their world changed, and the efforts and plans being made for its rebuilding.

Edward Wallowitch's photography adds a special dimension to this eloquent book.

Tall, Texas-born Methodist layman W. D. Weatherford stands foremost among those who have labored lov-



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ingly to open up the future to the people of the Appalachian region.

Wilma Dykeman's biography, *Prophet of Plenty* (University of Tennessee Press, $5.75), is a meticulous record of Dr. Weatherford's work as YMCA secretary for southern colleges, founder and director of the YMCA Graduate School in Nashville, professor at Fisk University, builder and presiding genius of the YMCA's Blue Ridge Assembly, tireless worker for Berea College, director of a ground-breaking sociological survey of the southern Appalachian region, author of 20 books (including some of the earliest textbooks on race relations), and exponent of education for leadership, jobs, and citizenship.

I wish *Prophet of Plenty* had given us more of the flavor of the man; but for this we have to settle for a brisk description in its foreword by former North Carolina governor Terry Sanford: "At our first encounter he was walking down the drive of the Blue Ridge Assembly, his Phi Beta Kappa key swinging with his athletic strides. He grasped my hand and arm, and I felt the presence of energy as you might expect on the fringes of a tornado or in the aftermath of an atomic bomb. He was only 80 or 85. This wasn't an old man at all."

At 91, W. D. Weatherford still looks toward the future, calling on the church and on the nation to "help humanity to a larger life."

TOGETHER's managing editor, Paige Carlin, who comes from Colorado by way of Nebraska and the Black Hills, shares his copies of a Colorado weekly newspaper with members of our staff and then carefully files them in a cabinet beside his desk.

This treasure is *The Rocky Mountain Herald*, and its appeal to those of us who have no ties with Colorado is its humor, which ranges from slapstick to the subtlest form of satire. The paper, supported primarily by the legal notices on its inside pages, is the brainchild and hobby of **Thomas Hornsby Ferril**, a poet of distinction who also is a Denver public-relations man, and his wife, **Helen**.

The editorial columns of the *Herald* offer a potpourri of comment on any subject that happens to catch Tom Ferril's fancy; takeoffs on cooking, etiquette, and lonely hearts columns; brief but pungent excerpts from actual court records; and various and sundry contributions from people who have been fortunate enough to get their names on the *Herald's* limited circulation lists. Many notables are among them.

The Rocky Mountain Herald Reader (Morrow, $5) gives us a liberal sampling of all this, including Thomas Hornsby Ferril's best-known column, a comment on football as it might be interpreted by a Freudian psychologist encountering it for the first time. I should note that a contribution from Paige Carlin appears on page 165. It is an item from the *Rapid City* (S.Dak.) *Journal* he had laughed over and sent to the Ferrils. They thought it was funny, too.

As I was growing up I kept hearing preachers and other speakers quote from a story called *Acres of Diamonds,* but somehow I never ran across the full text of it. Now I have, in ***The Treasury of Inspirational Classics*** (Revell, $3.95). Along with it are other much-quoted-from works and a small but highly selective collection of inspirational poetry.

The *Treasury* is neither large nor expensive, but **Bliss Albright**, who compiled it, has made it unique by in-

MARCH RHYTHMS

By Moneta Troxel Soper

The flattened tops of the pine trees
Croon back and forth in gentle rhythms.
The piercing bare branches of the water alders
Sway to and fro in tangled rhythms.
The brown, round hills
Flow smoothly in undulating rhythms.
But all stand firm in their appointed places
In the good brown earth, mother of all rhythms.

O soul of mine,
How you are swayed and pressed by rhythms,
So sharp, so devastating, so stark, so obscure
Your rhythms.
From what winds came they?
From what far-off turmoil in your mother earth?
Yet, dashed and worn, there remains
Rootage in the invincible Being of God.

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cluding full texts instead of just bits and pieces. And the sureness of his selection has sprung from firsthand knowledge of what people search for. He is southwestern regional manager of Cokesbury Book Stores.

Do you really like your job? Do you ever gripe about it?

Psychologist **Frederick Herzberg** ridicules the idea that people can be satisfied by coddling, and getting occasional small pay raises and fringe benefits. In *Work and the Nature of Man* (World, $6), he fairly shouts that it is motivation we need to make us happy in our work.

Motivation, he explains, is tied with psychological growth. This means learning new things every day, relating the new knowledge with what we already know, using our creativity, being effective in tackling ambiguities and uncertainties, and being able to make firm decisions. In other words, we need to feel we are growing. And the work itself is important, what we do must have meaning to us.

Dr. Herzberg's ideas are based on interviews and studies in this country and in Finland. He is a brisk writer, and his book has something to say to Christians in a topsy-turvy world.

The cartoons in *All in a Day's Work* (Dutton, $3.95), all from *The Wall Street Journal,* look in on the daily lives of appliance repairmen, policemen, schoolboys, housewives, and people in a variety of other occupations—as well as, of course, business and industrial leaders.

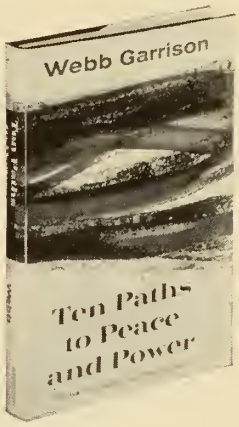
There is the airline stewardess who asks her passengers if they would like coffee, tea, or popcorn (for their movie viewing) . . . the member of Congress who complains: "The trouble with voters is they think they can have economy in government without paying for it." . . . even the computer that announces it has made radio contact with other electronic brains and established a union.

Charles Preston selected these sideglances at life as we live it. They are consistently funny.

Mount Athos (Harper & Row, $20) offers a crystalline view of a way of life that is strange, picturesque, and doomed. A remote, wildly beautiful peninsula in northern Greece that rises to the 7,000-foot Holy Mountain of the Orthodox faith, Mount Athos is a land of monks and hermits. No woman or child is admitted, even female domestic animals are banned. But the noise and tension of the modern world are closing in, and fewer and fewer men are entering the monasteries.

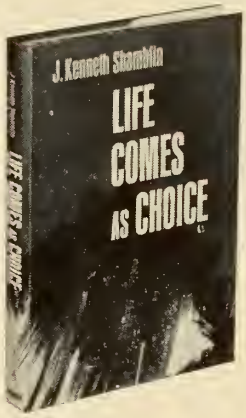
Books of *Mount Athos'* type—and price—too often depend on the im-

foundations for building a strong spiritual life



TEN PATHS TO PEACE AND POWER

Webb Garrison. This deeply personal book tells how to meet life with strength and purpose by showing how to increase receptivity to divine help. Dr. Garrison gives specific patterns of discipline and involvement that will enable persons to find power to meet the pressures of our present society. 176 pages. **$3.75**



LIFE COMES AS CHOICE

J. Kenneth Shamblin. "Life demands that, if we are to be human persons, we must choose." In these sixteen messages the author presents life in terms of clear-cut options. He helps the reader to develop the will to make choices and to see the issues involved in making decisions that life demands. 176 pages. **$3.75**

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By GRACE CUSTER

I ALWAYS GET a warm, happy feeling away down deep when I recall a pleasant experience I had one Easter many years ago while hospitalized for an eye operation.

When I was first taken to my room, I looked out the window and saw a church across the street. "Well, if I can't go to church, at least I can watch others go," I told myself, not knowing I would have to lie quietly with both eyes bandaged for two weeks.

On Easter morning I was feeling especially low. Then I heard the strains of Charles Wesley's glorious hymn of Resurrection coming from a distance. It was the nurses' chorus singing in the corridors—like a choir of angels.

Christ the Lord is risen today,
Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say,
Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Alleluia!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply,
Alleluia!

I felt they were singing just to me. As the familiar words relaxed me with a great feeling of peace, I made up my mind that I would try to make next Easter a happier day for someone else.

For years, I had been a Girl Scout leader and at Christmas had taken my girls to sing carols to our church's shut-ins. So, to keep the promise I had made, members of my troop and I went out early the next Easter morning and sang Easter hymns to those men and women. Judging from the reception we received, I'm sure *Christ the Lord is risen today* meant as much to them as it had meant to me.

Although it was a rainy, cold morning, each girl went to church as I did—with a light heart, firm in the knowledge that she had brought a little sunshine into an otherwise dreary day. □

pact of illustrations to counterbalance lackluster text. Not so here. Two writers and a photographer visited the peninsula's monasteries, which range from small villages to precarious cliff dwellings, and the sparkling, informative text, by **John Julius Norwich** and **Reresby Sitwell**, is a delight to read. Some of the pictures are the work of the writers. Others are taken by their photographer-companion, A. Costa.

"Only last night . . . I got mad and called him names and ran away on him. I figured maybe I'd make him feel sorry and ashamed of himself. Only in the middle of the night it began to rain, and he came all the way down from the stable to cover me up and fix the tent with a tarpaulin to keep it dry. Even though he was tired he did it. Even though I said I hated him. And he had a cough. . . ."

Young **H. Gordon Green** included this incident in a church-school essay on *What Kind of Man My Father Is.* Now the mature H. Gordon Green gives a full-scale biography of Henry Green in ***The Faith of Our Father*** (Dutton, $4.50). It is the story of a man who has made his religion a way of life, and in its quiet way it will warm the cockles of your heart.

For 1,200 years the people of Asia have told the story of Pink Jade, the most famous courtesan in all of Asia. Her movements were as supple and graceful as young bamboos swaying in the east wind. Her smile brightened the sky and haunted men's souls. But she spurned kings and emperors and in the arrogance of her beauty set out to conquer the King of kings.

Her search for God was interrupted again and again by the needs of others. Finally only one possession remained to her. It was her life. And as she gave that, too, to save people she did not even know, a gentle voice said: "Pink Jade, have you been looking for me?"

William J. Lederer heard the story in 1940 when he was a junior officer on a small U.S. gunboat moored in the Yangtze River at Chungking. Two years later and 8,000 miles away he listened to a similar tale in Dakar, Africa. Its heroine was the daughter of a tribal chief. In 1949, at a writers' conference in Vermont, he ran into the legend again. This time it was about an American Indian girl. And in 1953, in the northern Philippines he saw Igorot villagers act out the story in song and dance, and the beautiful maiden was one of them.

The Story of Pink Jade (Norton, $2.95) is Lederer's own simple and beautiful telling of the Asian story. It is for all of us, of all ages, who seek God, anywhere, any time.

The Reformation was, in a sense, a resurrection. Martin Luther wrote to Elector John the Steadfast: "God's Word refuses to be bound."

Oskar Thulin, who is the director of the Lutherhalle in Wittenberg, where Luther lived and worked, takes such excerpts from letters and other writings of Luther and his contemporaries, adds pictures and woodcut reproductions, and bridges them all with his own terse biographical notes to give us a unique view of the Reformation in ***A Life of Luther*** (Fortress Press, $9). It is fascinating.

"There'll be plenty of time for my children to face life's unpleasantness when they're older. I'm going to shield mine as long as I can."

This seems like a commendable sentiment at first thought, but it fails to recognize that the child does not live in a world that is completely controlled by his parents. He turns to them for security in finding meanings, and if he cannot get reasonable answers from mom or dad, he will look elsewhere, or he may turn inward for answers he himself is poorly equipped to give, says **Edgar N. Jackson** in ***Telling a Child About Death*** (Channel Press, $2.95).

Dr. Jackson, a Methodist minister living at Corinth, Vt., believes children know when something important is happening in their world, and it is better to give them the simple facts, no matter how distressing they may be. His book discusses how to tell youngsters of various ages about death so they will realize that dying is a part of living. It comes out of a sound knowledge of psychology and theology.

Until after World War II, leprosy in India meant crippling and disfigurement—and ostracism and starvation. Then a young English surgeon came to the Christian Medical College at Vellore. Calling on his knowledge of restorative surgery practiced in London during the blitz, he tackled the job of bringing back use to clawed hands and ulcerated feet, and Paul Brand's success has opened up new lives for leprosy victims.

Dorothy Clarke Wilson tells his story in meticulous detail in ***Ten Fingers for God*** (McGraw-Hill, $5.95). It is an absorbing, though slow-moving, biography.

The nature of drug addiction and habituation is explained by physician **Donald Louria** in ***Nightmare Drugs*** (Pocket Books, $1), and this paperback sets forth graphically what addiction or habituation means to the user and his family.

Dr. Louria urges stronger legal controls on the manufacture, importa-

tion, and distribution of narcotics, the elimination of the slums in which addiction breeds, and realistic job training and opportunities for rehabilitated or potential addicts. Above all, he stresses that the prevention of drug abuse is the responsibility of every parent and educator in the U.S.

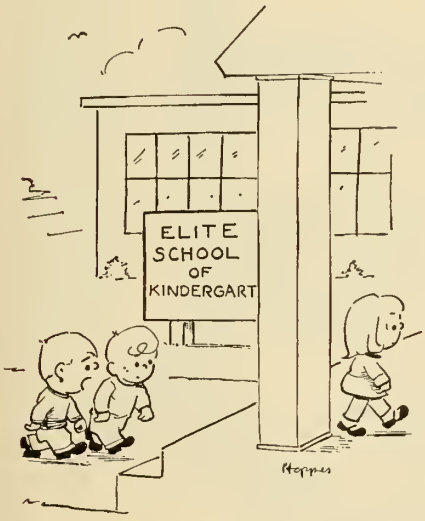
On the staff of New York City's municipal hospital, Bellevue, and an associate professor at Cornell University Medical College, Dr. Louria is chairman of the Narcotics Subcommittee of the New York City Medical Society and of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction.

There is a new word in my vocabulary: bionics. This is the science of investigating the way living creatures do things so we can build machines that work on the same principle. Radar, for instance, copies the moth's ability to sense the presence of objects by the sound waves that bounce back from them. And when we find out how the sunflower keeps its face turned to the sun moving across the sky we will be able to build better sun-sensors to orient our spacecraft.

Biology, mathematics, and engineering technology all are involved in this new science, in ways **Robert Wells** describes for young readers in ***Bionics: Nature's Ways for Man's Machines*** (Dodd, Mead, $3.50). This is an engrossing book that handles scientific and technological subject matter adroitly.

Never, in the whole history of the world, has the man of the house—and his lady—needed so much knowledge about so many things. Even choosing the right labor-savers can make you wish you had an engineering degree.

In 1965, the U.S. Department of Agriculture came to the rescue with an authoritative, wide-ranging collection of household knowledge published as *Consumers All, The Yearbook of Agriculture*. Now this has been republished as a paperback titled ***Consumers All: The Official Consumer's Guide*** (Pocket Books, $1.50). Edited by **Alfred Stefferud** of the Department of Agriculture, this is an indispensable handbook for any household.



"What a day! I got up late, missed half my breakfast, Dad had to bring me, and now I'll probably have to sit by a girl!"

The place was the White House. The game was charades. The word was *dynasty*, and just outside the Emancipation Proclamation Room President William Howard Taft's three children were "dying nastily." Their play was broken up as a group of distinguished foreign visitors was ushered in, but the young Tafts—Bob, Charlie, and Helen—were themselves to become part of an American dynasty.

From 16 such political families in the United States, we have had 8 presidents, 3 vice-presidents, 30 senators, 12 governors, 56 members of the U.S. House of Representatives or Continental Congress, and 9 cabinet officers. **Stephen Hess** writes about them entertainingly and informally in ***America's Political Dynasties*** (Doubleday, $7.95).

Mary Stuart—daughter of James II, wife of William of Orange, and finally Queen of England—was perhaps the most beautiful woman in Europe. Yet when William came from Holland to ask for her hand in marriage, she met him in her most unbecoming dress in the hope he would find her too unattractive to marry. William, however, had seen her earlier in the day when she did not know he was there, and he knew her to be both beautiful and kind.

Forced to marry William, Mary soon came to trust him, and then to love him devotedly, and when she was offered the English throne, she refused to reign alone. **Elisabeth Kyle** has written her story for girls in ***Princess of Orange*** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $3.95). It has action, intrigue, romance.

The sky-rimmed stretches of the prairies and the excitement of the race for land when northern Oklahoma was opened to settlers make ***Cherokee Run*** (Moody Press, $1.95) good fictionalized history for readers just under 10. But what makes **Barbara Smucker**'s story about a Mennonite family stand out is the family's way of meeting each situation as Christ would have them meet it.

Without moralizing or sentimentality, this book holds up an appealing example of what it means to live in faith. —BARNABAS

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Walter Rauschenbusch:

The Social Gospel

WESTERN civilization is passing through a social revolution unparalleled in history for scope and power. Its coming was inevitable. The religious, political, and intellectual revolutions of the past five centuries, which together created the modern world, necessarily had to culminate in an economic and social revolution such as is now upon us.

The church, the organized expression of the religious life of the past, is one of the most potent institutions and forces in Western civilization. Its favor and moral influence are wooed by all parties. It cannot help throwing its immense weight on one side or the other. If it tries not to act, it thereby acts; and in any case its choice will be decisive for its own future.

Apart from the organized church, the religious spirit is a factor of incalculable power in the making of history. In the idealistic spirits that lead and in the masses that follow, the religious spirit always intensifies thought, enlarges hope, unfetters daring, evokes the willingness to sacrifice, and gives coherence in the fight. Under the warm breath of religious faith, all social institutions become plastic. The religious spirit removes mountains and tramples on impossibilities. Unless the economic and intellectual factors are strongly reenforced by religious enthusiasm, the whole social movement may prove abortive, and the New Era may die before it comes to birth.

It follows that the relation between Christianity and the social crisis is one of the most pressing questions for all intelligent men who realize the power of religion, and most of all for the religious leaders of the people who give direction to the forces of religion.

History is never antiquated, because humanity is always fundamentally the same. It is always hungry for bread, sweaty with labor, struggling to wrest from nature and hostile men enough to feed its children. The welfare of the mass is always at odds with the selfish force of the strong. The exodus of the Roman plebeians and the Pennsylvania coal strike, the agrarian agitation of the Gracchi and the rising of the Russian peasants—it is all the same tragic human life.

The Prophets: Convinced of God's Demand

In all history it would be hard to find any chapter so profoundly instructive, and dignified by such sublime passion and ability, as that in which the prophets took the leading part.

Moreover, the life and thought of the Old Testament prophets are more to us than classical illustrations and sidelights. They are an integral part of the thought-life of Christianity. From the beginning the Christian church appropriated the Bible of Israel as its own book and thereby made the history of Israel part of the history of Christendom. Throughout the Christian centuries the historical material embodied in the Old Testament has been regarded as not merely instructive but as authoritative. The social ideas drawn from it have been powerful factors in all attempts of Christianity to influence social and political life.

The fundamental conviction of the prophets, which distinguished them from the ordinary religious life

Excerpted from Christianity and the Social Crisis, *by Walter Rauschenbusch (New York: Macmillan Company, 1907).*—EDITORS

of their day, was the conviction that God demands righteousness and demands nothing but righteousness.

The prophets were public men and their interest was in public affairs. Some of them were statesmen of the highest type. All of them interpreted past history, shaped present history, and foretold future history on the basis of the conviction that God rules with righteousness in the affairs of nations, and that only what is just, and not what is expedient and profitable, shall endure.

The Hebrew prophets shared the fate of all leaders who are far ahead of their times. They did not themselves achieve the triumph of their ideas. It was achieved for them by men who did not share their spirit, and who insensibly debased their ideals in realizing them. The ethical monotheism of the prophets did not become common property in Judah till the priests and scribes enforced it. That is part of the divine comedy of history.

Here then we have a succession of men perhaps unique in religious history for their moral heroism and spiritual insight. They were the moving spirits in the religious progress of their nation; the creators, directly or indirectly, of its law, its historical and poetical literature, and its piety; the men to whose personality and teaching Jesus felt most kinship; the men who still kindle modern religious enthusiasm.

We have seen that their religious concern was not restricted to private religion and morality, but dealt preeminently with the social and political life of their nation.

We have seen that their sympathy was wholly and passionately with the poor and oppressed. If they lived today, would they blame poverty on the poor?

We have seen that the true prophets opposed the complacent optimism of the people and of their popular spokesmen, and gave warning of disaster as long as it was coming.

If anyone holds that religion is essentially ritual and sacramental; or that it is purely personal; or that God is on the side of the rich; or that social interest is likely to lead preachers astray; he must prove his case with his eye on the Hebrew prophets, and the burden of proof is with him.

Jesus: The Consummator

The historical background which we have just sketched must ever be kept in mind in understanding the life and purpose of Jesus. He was not merely an initiator, but a consummator. Like all great minds that don't merely imagine Utopias, but actually advance humanity to a new epoch, he took the situation and material furnished to him by the past and moulded that into a fuller approximation to the divine conception within him. He embodied the prophetic stream of faith and hope.

Jesus knew that he had come to kindle a fire on earth. Much as he loved peace, he knew that the actual result of his work would be not peace but the sword. He saw that what was exalted among men was an abomination before God, and therefore, these exalted things had no glamour for his eye. This revolutionary note runs even through the Beatitudes where we should least expect it. The point of them is that henceforth those were to be blessed whom the world had not blessed, for the kingdom of God would reverse their relative standing. Now the poor and the hungry and sad were to be satisfied and comforted; the meek who had been shouldered aside by the ruthless would get their chance to inherit the earth, and conflict and persecution would be inevitable.

We are apt to forget that his attack on the religious

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH was initiated into the ministry on New York City's tough west side. As pastor of a small church on the edge of the exploited slum area known as "Hell's Kitchen," he saw a great city's human misery every day. Abandoning the pietism of his German immigrant parents as irrelevant to modern industrialized society, he developed a theology that embraced social as well as individual concerns. Returning to the western part of the state, where he was born in 1861, Rauschenbusch taught in the Rochester Theological Seminary. His writings from 1907 to 1917 helped charter the so-called social-gospel movement. His first book, *Christianity and the Social Crisis,* which now is a classic in social ethics, churned a storm of controversy around the astonished professor. Taking the social passion of the Old Testament prophets as his clue, he interpreted the social significance of Jesus' teachings in the New Testament. The Baptist theologian believed that Christians should work to transform human society in terms of the kingdom of God, which he saw not as an earthly Utopia but as human acceptance of the power, righteousness, and love of God. This prophet of the social gospel helped prepare the way for the church's awareness today of its mission to secular life. —*Your Editors*

leaders and authorities of his day was of revolutionary boldness and thoroughness.

Jesus was not a child of this world. He did not revere the men it called great; he did not accept its customs and social usages as final; his moral conceptions did not run along the grooves marked out by it. He nourished within his soul the ideal of a common life so radically different from the present that it involved a reversal of values, a revolutionary displacement of existing relations. This ideal was not merely a beautiful dream to solace his soul. He lived it out in his own daily life. He urged others to live that way. He held that it was the only true life, and that the ordinary way was misery and folly. He dared to believe that it would triumph. When he saw that the people were turning from him, and that his nation had chosen the evil way and was drifting toward the rocks that would destroy it, unutterable sadness filled his soul, but he never abandoned his faith in the final triumph of that kingdom of God for which he had lived.

The Church: Christ-Spirit Incarnate

The demoralization of society ought to appeal most powerfully to the church, for the church is to be the incarnation of the Christ-spirit on earth, the organized conscience of Christendom. It should be swiftest to awaken to every undeserved suffering, bravest to speak against every wrong, and strongest to rally the moral forces of the community against everything that threatens the better life among men.

The Gospel, to have full power over an age, must be the highest expression of the moral and religious truths held by that age. If it lags behind and deals in outgrown conceptions of life and duty, it will lose power over the ablest minds and the young men first, and gradually over all. In our thought today the social problems irresistibly take the lead. If the church has no live and bold thought on this dominant question of modern life, its teaching authority on all other questions will dwindle and be despised. It cannot afford to have young men sniff the air as in a stuffy room when they enter the sphere of religious thought. When the world is in travail with a higher ideal of justice, the church dare not ignore it if it would retain its moral leadership. On the other hand, if the church does incorporate the new social terms in its synthesis of truth, they are certain to throw new light on all the older elements of its teaching. The conception of race sin and race salvation become comprehensible once more to those who have made the idea of social solidarity in good and evil a part of their thought. The law of sacrifice loses its arbitrary and mechanical aspect when we understand the vital union of all humanity. Individualistic Christianity has almost lost sight of the great idea of the kingdom of God, which was the inspiration and center of the thought of Jesus. Social Christianity would once more enable us to understand the purpose and thought of Jesus and take the veil from our eyes when we read the synoptic Gospels.

The social crisis offers a great opportunity for the infusion of new life and power into the religious thought of the church. It also offers the chance for progress in its life. When the broader social outlook widens the purpose of a Christian man beyond the increase of his church, he lifts up his eyes and sees that there are others who are at work for humanity besides his denomination. Common work for social welfare is the best training school for practical Christian unity. The strong movement for Christian union in our country has been largely prompted by the realization of social needs, and is led by men who have felt the attraction of the kingdom of God as something greater than any denomination and as the common object of all. Thus the divisions which were caused in the past by differences in dogma and church polity may perhaps be healed by unity of interest in social salvation.

As we have seen, the industrial and commercial life today is dominated by principles antagonistic to the fundamental principles of Christianity, and it is so difficult to live a Christian life in the midst of it that few men even try. If production could be organized on a basis of co-operative fraternity; if distribution could at least approximately be determined by justice; if all men could be conscious that their labor contributed to the welfare of all and that their personal well-being was dependent on the prosperity of the Commonwealth; if predatory business and parasitic wealth ceased and all men lived only by their labor; if the luxury of unearned wealth no longer made us all feverish with covetousness and a simpler life became the fashion; if our time and strength were not used up either in getting a bare living or in amassing unusable wealth and we had more leisure for the higher pursuits of the mind and the soul—then there might be a chance to live such a life of gentleness and brotherly kindness and tranquillity of heart as Jesus desired for men. It may be that the co-operative Commonwealth would give us the first chance in history to live a really Christian life without retiring from the world, and would make the Sermon on the Mount a philosophy of life feasible for all who care to try.

This is the stake of the church in the social crisis. If society continues to disintegrate and decay, the church will be carried down with it. If the church can rally such moral forces that injustice will be overcome and fresh red blood will course in a sounder social organism, it will itself rise to higher liberty and life. Doing the will of God, it will have new visions of God. With a new message will come a new authority. If the church fulfills its prophetic functions, it may bear the prophet's reproach for a time, but it will have the prophet's vindication thereafter.

The conviction has always been embedded in the heart of the church that "the world"—society as it is—is evil and some time is to make way for a true human society in which the spirit of Jesus Christ shall rule. For fifteen hundred years those who desired to live a truly Christian life withdrew from the evil world to live a life apart. But the principle of such an ascetic departure from the world is dead in modern life. There are only two other possibilities. The church must either condemn the world and seek to change it, or tolerate the world and conform to it. In the latter case it surrenders its holiness and its mission. The other possibility has never yet been tried with full faith on a large scale. All the leadings of God in contemporary history and all the promptings of Christ's spirit in our hearts urge us to make the trial. On this choice is staked the future of the church. □

When death closed one door on her life, a humble gift of spading fork and seeds opened another.

The Open Door

By EVELYN CUMMINS VINING

I tried a rusty shovel, then discarded it in favor of a tub which I pulled with a rope tied to a handle.

MY most treasured gift did not come in tissue and bright wrappings; it came casually in the form of a few secondhand things no longer needed by the donor's daughter. And for a time I could not understand the reason for the gift.

It came weeks after death had struck for the first time in my family. With no philosophy of acceptance, I spent my time brooding. I could not bring myself to go out.

Finally, however, I accepted a telephone dinner invitation from Anna and her family.

The dinner was pleasant, the conversation interesting. Polished silver gleamed in candlelight. For a while I was myself again, enjoying a sense of well-being. But as I prepared to leave I was afraid my grief would engulf me once more.

It was then that Anna's father, helping me with my coat, said abruptly, "Here's an old book of Anna's. She doesn't need it any more." I wondered why he should be giving me a worn book on gardening, a field in which I had no interest.

As we reached my car he said, "Wait a minute," and disappeared. I waited impatiently; I wanted to be home and alone again with my sorrow. But in a moment he was back, stowing something in the rear seat.

"You'll need these, too," he explained. "A rake, a lady's spading fork, and some seeds. Good night." He hurried away as I called out my unenthusiastic thanks. En route home, instead of weeping, I found myself wondering about the gifts.

Next day I leafed through the book.

"Make a seedbed sheltered from the wind" were the only words I saw through my tears. I felt my thoughts turning to Anna who, after a long illness as a child, had become morose and withdrawn. That was when her father had given her the book on gardening and the tools now worn smooth with use. With them, she had grown flowers to sell—and had regained her friendly personality.

"I should do something with these things," I told myself. "It would be dreadful to offend Anna's father."

"Make a seedbed . . ." Where? Behind the garage? No, that spot was piled high with ashes and cinders. "If I were Anna, and had her energy, that hill of ashes wouldn't stop me," I thought. Then I remembered that she was not always strong and active.

If I moved a few ashes each day to the driveway I'd have both a seedbed and a better driveway. I tried a rusty shovel, then discarded it in favor of a tub which I pulled with a rope tied to a handle.

The ash heap had a big dent in it when hunger forced me to quit that evening. By next afternoon I could see the earth, dark and moist. I could also see a seedbed!

"Use the spading fork to turn over the soil," the book advised. I tackled the soil, roots and stubble and all. Each night I went to bed with bones aching, exhausted but increasingly eager for the morning.

By midsummer, flowers were blooming in the yard, while nearby were rows of vegetables—not exactly straight, but rows of vegetables nevertheless.

Reclaimed slowly, one row at a time, the large yard that once lay fallow now was filled with the promise of a rich harvest. But it was not until I saw the beauty which had come from barren ground that I realized the priceless value of the father's humble gift. Anna and he had recognized my need and had given me the answer—louder and more clearly than any spoken word. Those long days of hard work had left little time for sorrow.

One door never closes without another being opened. But sometimes grief may blind us. That's when we must be led—as I was—to find that other open door. □

The Kitten That Barked

By ALAN CLIBURN

"SASPARILLA" Kitten—Sassy, for short—was just like any other three-month-old black and white kitten.

She lapped milk from a saucer that Mrs. Pibiddy gave her, and she was beginning to enjoy the fish Mr. Pibiddy caught in the stream behind the house. She meowed when she was hungry, and she purred when she was happy.

But one evening when Mrs. Pibiddy brought Sassy her milk, instead of meowing her thanks, Sassy said, "Arf!"

"What?" gasped Mrs. Pibiddy.

"Arf, arf," said Sassy.

"Is there a dog out there?" called Mr. Pibiddy.

"No," replied Mrs. Pibiddy. "It's just Sassy barking." Mr. Pibiddy came running out to the porch.

"Arf, arf," said Sassy rather sadly.

"Whoever heard of a barking cat?" exclaimed Mr. Pibiddy.

Certainly Sasparilla Kitten had never heard one before. She became so frightened of her own gruff voice that she forgot her milk and scrambled to the top of the big elm tree in the Pibiddys' yard. Then she looked down, down, down—she had never climbed so high—and that's when she really began to bark.

Soon windows banged open and people ran out on their porches. They all began talking at once.

"There's a dog up in that elm tree."

"A what?"

"A dog."

"Dogs can't climb trees."

"Well, this one did."

At last some firemen came.

"Take it easy, doggy," called a fireman as he began climbing a tall, tall ladder. But when he found Sassy at the top of the tree barking away, he was so surprised he almost fell off the ladder.

"A barking cat!" he yelled. "Call the newspapers and the TV stations, quick!"

Before Mr. and Mrs. Pibiddy could say "Sasparilla Kitten," newspaper photographers and TV cameramen were swarming through the crowd. The TV men interviewed Mr. and Mrs. Pibiddy and people standing around. Then one TV man climbed the firemen's ladder and stuck the microphone in Sassy's face. She barked louder than ever.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced excitedly. "You have just heard the world's first barking cat! As soon as the firemen get her down, we'll show you the famous Sasparilla Kitten."

"Oh, isn't it grand!" shrilled Mrs. Pibiddy. "We're famous."

"You mean Sassy's famous," said Mr. Pibiddy.

"I always wanted to be a movie star," cried Mrs. Pibiddy.

"We're just on the TV news," Mr. Pibiddy reminded her.

"How would you like to sell your cat?" asked a fat man in the crowd. "I'd like her for my circus."

"Sell Sassy?" exclaimed Mrs. Pibiddy. She looked up at Sassy being carried down the tree by a fireman. Poor Sassy was barking unhappily. "Oh, no," said Mrs. Pibiddy. "We couldn't do that!"

"Well, now, let's think about it," interrupted Mr. Pibiddy.

"Junius Pibiddy!" shouted Mrs. Pibiddy in amazement. "How could you?"

"All right," replied Mr. Pibiddy. "Let's not think about it."

In the meantime, poor little Sasparilla Kitten was so frightened she would have been glad to hide away in a mouse hole. Besides, her throat hurt. She gave one great cough to clear her throat, and to everyone's surprise, out popped a fish bone.

"That must be the fish I gave her for lunch," said Mr. Pibiddy. "The bone got stuck in her throat."

"Meow," meowed Sasparilla Kitten.

"Oh-h-h-h," groaned the crowd, the newspaper photographers, the TV cameramen, and the man from the circus. "It was only a fish bone."

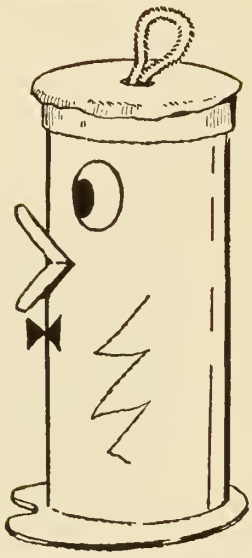
Quickly they all turned around and went home. Mr. and Mrs. Pibiddy and Sassy were left alone.

"It was nice being on TV for a while," said Mrs. Pibiddy happily.

"Yes, it was nice thinking that Sassy had made our fortune," said Mr. Pibiddy with a smile. Sassy lapped her milk hungrily.

"Meow," meowed Sasparilla Kitten. And that meant, "I'm glad it's all over." □

Party Favor AND Crayon Holder



THE CORES of paper towels or bathroom tissue make cute party favors that can be used later as holders for crayons or small treasures. They also make dandy containers to be filled with candies, nuts, or small surprises.

Shown is a duck favor made from a bathroom-tissue core. Also needed are a thin piece of cardboard, yellow, blue, black, red, and white construction paper, orange and brown crayons, yellow pipe cleaner, and glue.

Cover the core and the cardboard base for it with yellow paper. To make the base, set the end of the roll on the cardboard, draw around it, adding feet, then cut out the cardboard a little larger than the circle you've drawn. Glue the yellow paper, then glue the base to the core. Draw wings with a brown crayon.

Glue on white paper eyes with smaller black paper centers. Glue at the center fold a cardboard bill, colored orange, and a bow tie of red paper.

Cut a 2⅛ inch cardboard circle for hat crown and a 6 x ¼ inch strip for hatband. Cover both with blue paper (crepe paper, if desired). Lap the band to fit around the top of the core and glue. Glue the crown onto the band.

Punch a hole in the crown. Double a two-inch piece of yellow pipe cleaner and run the ends through the hole, then bend the ends over inside.

Smaller favors can be made by cutting paper-towel cores into four equal sections, then following above directions.

Many other kinds of animals or people can be made with different colored papers, and by adding paper skirts or pants, yarn hair, or cardboard ears sticking up through or down from the hat.

—Katherine Corliss Bartow

Spring

Good-bye cold wind,
good-bye snow.
I am so glad to see you go.
Next year you will come again—
I may be glad to see you then,
But now I hear a robin sing.
So good-bye winter . . .
hello spring!

—Gina Bell-Zano

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

Letters

'A Perilous Oversight'

E. A. LAMBERT
Riverdale, Md.

I am deeply moved by an unfortunate omission in the article by Harvey G. Cox, *Where Is the Church Going, and How Will It Get There?* in the January issue of TOGETHER [page 18]. To omit the Name that is above every name—except for a casual reference to the Word, a term which carries theological meaning poorly understood by the masses—is a perilous oversight.

Assuming, as does the author, that "the most important point to make about the renewal of the church today is that renewal is ultimately God's doing, not man's" ignores the historical Jesus and the fundamental doctrine that man has redemption and forgiveness of his sins in Christ alone.

'Black Power': Fine Job

FRED RICHARDSON
Susanville, Calif.

Congratulations on the article *Black Power* by C. Eric Lincoln [January, page 26]. Dr. Lincoln did a fine job, although I feel that he should have covered the psychological implications of black power, or black consciousness, to the individual Negro.

A complaint: I feel that Dr. Richmond Barbour presented an excellent *Teens Together* column. This used to be a very interesting and informative column.

They Looked Into His Soul

ROBERT S. WELDON, *Pastor*
Cecilia Methodist Church
Cecilia, Ky.

After reading consecutively the January articles on *The Delta Ministry* [page 49], I was confronted by the picture on page 55. The article ended on that page, and I continued to try to finish the issue. Before I had read several pages, I found my mind was not on what I was reading. Three little boys kept looking right down into my very innermost soul. I kept turning back and looking at the picture.

God help us if we can continue to rationalize, study, and read theology—and relegate the look in the eyes of children such as these to the subconscious and ignore it. It is times like this that I have to pray the publican's prayer.

December Issue Helpful

C. DOUGLAS COONEY, *Pastor*
Grace Methodist Church
Aberdeen, Md.

My thanks for including *Of Advent Wreaths and Air Raids* by William Littleton in the December, 1966, issue [page 22].

The Advent-Christmas season brings a host of varied materials to the minister's desk. I do not remember anything that more clearly struck the note of Advent than Mr. Littleton's writing.

The fact of the matter is that the entire December issue was a helpful addition to our home for Christmas preparations. Thank you.

Not in Protestant Tradition

DALE A. KOOI, *Pastor*
Grace Methodist Church
Urbana, Ill.

The article *Advent: Season of Preparation* [December, 1966, page 34], written by Associate Editor Helen Johnson was interesting in her description both of legends and of national customs.

An aspect of the article disturbing to me is that among the varying traditions, Miss Johnson has picked one, implying either that there is only one or that this particular one is Methodist. I refer to the use of a rose-colored candle on the Advent wreath for the third Advent Sunday, and calling the day Gaudete Sunday.

It should be said first that four candles of any color may be used since their primary purpose is to mark off the Sundays leading to Christmas. Besides the tradition of using one rose and three purple candles, there also is a tradition of using purple candles for all four Sundays and another of using purple on the first three Sundays and a white one on the fourth.

The use of all purple candles developed because the observance of Gaudete with its rose color was dropped by Protestant groups (except Episcopalians). This is a Roman Catholic observance with the purpose of relaxing penitential rules which most Protestant groups do not impose.

If there is a Methodist practice or position, our *Book of Worship,* by omission, indicates that Gaudete Sunday with its rose color is not in it.

"Because I am, and I quote, a dim-witted, knuckleheaded spendthrift, unquote!"

Profitable, Enjoyable Material

MRS. WAYNE L. MORRIS
Overland Park, Kans.

Our family has profited by, as well as enjoyed, using the Advent section in TOGETHER's December, 1966, issue. We hope you will make it a standing feature each December.

Our church has an Advent pamphlet of worship services, hymns, Scripture suggestions which the educational director makes up each year. This year the minister also suggested using TOGETHER. We are a Family Plan church, so I feel sure that many others of Asbury Church's 2,500 members used your material as their families worshiped together.

The Marthas Also Serve

MRS. HARRY E. SWARNER
Mason City, Iowa

I am glad that someone at long last has come out with *A Word in Behalf of Martha* [January, page 30].

This has bothered me for a long time, but whenever I have said anything to anyone, they have inferred that Martha was just one of those fussy housekeepers while Mary was spiritual and devout.

I have known some of these women who are considered very pious. A friend of mine was one, but the neighborhood Marthas brought up her children. She was too busy working at the church.

I can't teach in the church school, but I can go to the first service so that my grown daughter can attend the adult class. And I can take care of her

child while she attends commission meetings. By freeing someone else for work they want to do in the church, am I not also serving?

I find it unnecessary to argue over Jesus' divinity or his miracles; we are surrounded every day by miracles which we take for granted. I may be simpleminded, but I don't think we have to sit at the feet of the Master by the hour to learn what love of one's fellowman is. We can pray for those in trouble or bereaved or perplexed as we go about our daily work. In spite of what is often said about Martha, I think Jesus understood her.

No Relation to Bulldog

GLEN GRANT FAMILY
Spokane, Wash.

We are writing in regard to the article *Bill Myers: Aerospace Engineer* [January, page 21]. Our concern is with the picture in the upper left corner of page 23.

The picture caption states that the Myers children are encountering a bulldog at a bus stop. As anyone with any knowledge of canines would recognize, the dog in the picture is not a bulldog. It is a pug, a breed having no relation whatsoever to the bulldog.

The article as a whole was an inspiration to our family. We realize that mistakes happen, but we consider this one a personal affront to our family friend and companion.

Of Pugs and Poodles

MRS. RICHARD LEINEN
Lead, S.Dak.

Your January cover showing the poodles walking through the Niagara Falls park in winter is lovely. But I wish to point out that the "friendly bulldog" on page 23 of the January issue is a pug. We have a pug and enjoy her presence in our family.

Thank you for a wonderful magazine, and congratulations on another good year.

Hymnal Has Variety for All

CLAUDE A. WARD
Church Music Supervisor,
Cokesbury Div.
Methodist Publishing House
Nashville, Tenn.

As one who was close to those who produced the 1966 revision of *The Methodist Hymnal,* I must reply to three letters on pages 77 and 78 of TOGETHER's January issue.

One letter criticizes Carlton R. Young, *Hymnal* editor, for his remarks concerning "gospel hymns." Another complains because the *Hymnal* includes "theologically and musically unjustifiable 'gospel songs.'" The third letter, on omission of page numbers in the ritual section, is valid. This is being corrected in later printings.

It has been my privilege to present the new book to two Woman's Society schools of Christian mission, and to churches in Illinois, California, and Tennessee. One was a rural congregation which had not used a Methodist hymnal before. In each of these situations were persons who would eliminate the gospel hymns, and others who would sing them exclusively.

The 1966 *Hymnal* has sufficient variety to satisfy all segments of the church if members will make a serious effort to learn the book and know its variety. Here are some helps:

Aids in Using the Methodist Hymnal, a pamphlet; 25¢ each or 10 for $2 from the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

An Introduction to the New Methodist Hymnal, a four-session study unit produced by the Editorial Division of the Methodist Board of Education and available through Cokesbury for 20¢ each, 15¢ for 11 or more. A companion record of the same title is $3.50.

Nature's Beauty Appreciated

BARRY EYSMAN
Union City, Tenn.

Thank you for the beautifully constructed and photographed calendar for 1967 [January, page 34]. It is a lovely representation of your magazine.

I would also like to call attention to *Snowstorm* on page 80 of the January issue. It is truly refreshing to see an entire page devoted to a simple yet incredible feat of nature and God.

Tower for Water, Not Guns

M. B. McFARLAND, JR.
McFarland, Calif.

There are two pictures on page 44 of your September, 1966, issue [in the article titled *The Grape Strike*] upon which I wish to comment. One is unimportant, but I am curious as to why it was selected. It appears to show an individual speaking into the hand microphone of a two-way radio set, as he observes workers who are involved in some kind of operation other than in a grape vineyard.

The other photo is important. It shows a tower captioned as a "gun tower." If this were not so despicable, it would be funny. Your "gun tower" is, in fact, an old water tank on the Sierra Vista Ranch. It is typical of a type of installation which was in common use years ago on most farms.

You cannot see it from your picture, but there is a well near the base of this tower which pumped water up into the tank. From the tank, water was distributed for domestic purposes. The reason for the covered top and sides was to prevent dirt, birds, and so forth

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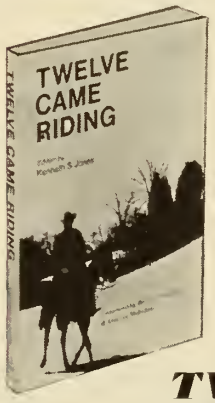

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from contaminating the water. This tank has not been in use for some years.

I believe you owe the DiGiorgio Fruit Corp., the growers of Delano, and your readers an apology for foisting upon them one of the most uninformed, biased, and misleading articles it has been my misfortune to read on this subject; and believe me, there have been many.

TOGETHER's *editors prepared the picture caption on the basis of what we thought to be correct identification of the tower in question. Several readers have pointed out that this identification was not correct.*—EDS.

More Objectivity Needed

GEORGE N. FINLEY
Lane, Kans.

The article *They've Helped Make America Gun-Happy* [December, 1966, page 29] is as extremist as it makes most gun owners out to be. The "they" in its title is an indication of a piece of propaganda. Statistics have been used to fit an opinion instead of being used to form an opinion. No regard has been given for another point of view, and an organization made up of reputable men and approved by Congress has been discredited.

The strength of gun clubs is shown out of proportion. Clubs have no more control over legislation than any other group of citizens. The article is designed to scare and to influence legislation emotionally, a poor basis for laws.

The article disregards gun bills other than Senator Dodd's proposal, fails to give the full content even of that, and presumes that a law will solve everything.

When publishing articles on controversial issues, a magazine like TOGETHER should be more objective.

'Dangerous as a Pillow'

K. W. LARRISON, *Pastor*
Bryn Mawr Methodist Church
Seattle, Wash.

In *They've Helped Make America Gun-Happy,* Stanley S. Jacobs makes use of most of the tricks of the professional propagandist—innuendo, misleading use of statistics, loaded terms, slanted inferences, faulty logical premises, and unjustified conclusions. And he climaxes it all with a crowning proof that he doesn't know much about his subject.

On page 31 he points to what he seems to think is a damning fact that the National Rifle Association's magazine, *The American Rifleman,* carries an advertisement for an "M-1 sniper's cheekpiece." Now an M-1 sniper's cheekpiece, good editor, is a leatherette-covered piece of kapok that is about as dangerous as the small pillow on your living-room sofa.

'Like Hupmobile Hubcap'

RALPH F. MOON
Davenport, Iowa

Stanley Jacob's article would imply that anyone interested in an "M-1 sniper's cheekpiece" could only be an evil person looking for trouble. Actually, such items are sought after in much the same spirit as that of a car hobbyist looking for a Hupmobile hubcap, a gemstone fan obtaining a nice piece of jade, or a botanist finding an interesting plant specimen.

I suppose that weapon enthusiasts would get a little more peace during the present furor if we could transfer our interests to old lace, cut glass, or foreign stamps, but some people just aren't made that way.

Many shooters and weapons collectors are in favor of stiffer penalties for criminal acts. They also deplore technicalities which sometimes hamper police work. Personally, I would have no objection to being registered as a gun owner, so long as I do not have to pander to some official to get a permit. But the registering or licensing of individual firearms is unthinkable. Shades of dictatorship!

'Narrow-minded, One-sided'

DONALD W. KEENE
Shabbona, Ill.

I am both surprised and alarmed that your magazine would print such a narrow-minded, one-sided view of any subject as in *They've Helped Make America Gun-Happy.* Stanley S. Jacobs is again picking at the old theme that the gun is criminal and responsible for all its acts of violence. It isn't the firearm that should be restricted or curtailed but the criminal individual who uses it to such an end.

I wonder if Mr. Jacobs has any hobbies. I have one: collecting, repairing, and shooting firearms both old and new. I conduct my shooting under rigid safety precautions and derive many happy and fulfilling hours from this pastime. I feel there is nothing criminal about it, and I am sure many others would agree. In fact, I think it would be criminal to deprive the law-abiding citizen of this right and privilege.

Gun Owner's Honor in Question

CHARLES M. POTTSMITH
Virginia, Minn.

Author Stanley Jacobs owed his readers the elementary duty of discussing his feelings with a spokesman for the National Rifle Association before writing his view. He could not have come out with such an incredible opinion of the NRA unless prejudice

was his purpose. TOGETHER bought a bad one.

An estimated 50 million private firearms are spread across this country. How could any law touch a significant number of them? Even the most hysterical gun-law advocate admits that is impossible so he bogs down in contradictions. He earnestly recommends Senator Somebody's tough gun bill as the answer to the next assassin and the punk element. Yet, before the writer is through, the proposed law is made to sound harmless to the "decent" shooter who should fear nothing from a little fee paid or a punchcard on file in the local police station.

The NRA knows better. They have documented failures in other countries. The gun owner knows better, for it is his honor in question, not the gun's. The criminal knows better because he will ignore the law regardless. The dupe is the poorly informed citizen who is stirred by such writing as in *Gun-Happy* and looks for a new law to relieve him of responsibilities. A law that cannot prevent the very examples of crime used to help sell its passage is no law worth such surrender.

Monks Enjoy *Together*

FATHER AUGUSTINE IRVIN, O.S.B.
St. Bede Abbey
Peru, Ill.

For two years now, due to the kindness of a very good Methodist friend, I have been receiving your excellent publication. I am a student of theology at St. Bede Abbey Seminary, and I look forward, along with other young monks here, to the monthly arrival of TOGETHER, which we consider just about the best in family publications.

Although it is for Methodist families, we all benefit from your excellent presentation of timely and interesting articles, all of which are put forth in such an open-minded manner. The professional quality of the publication, especially the photography, indicates true dedication, which I am sure goes a long way toward bringing a real Christian attitude among the families who receive your magazine. May God bless your endeavor and make it fruitful for many!

Shepherds Saw No Star

G. HURST PAUL, *Pastor*
People's Methodist Church
Salamanca, N.Y.

Referring to your quaint photo commentary, *Christmas in Bethlehem* [December, 1966, page 76]:

I am sure that Luke's shepherds must have been grateful to perceive and follow Matthew's star, as did the Magi, to locate the young Christ child. Luke doesn't say so, however.

Now if you had only let Matthew's Magi also hear the nocturnal proclamation to Luke's shepherds, "I bring you good news, . . ." that would have made a splendid thesis for early ecumenism.

I still contend that TOGETHER does pretty press work.

Best He Has Found

ALBERT W. POTTS, JR., *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Coralville, Iowa

I want to compliment TOGETHER not only on its consistently excellent quality but in particular on the article *Understanding the Bible* by Louis Cassels [December, 1966, page 16]. It was fine. I read selections from it to the congregation as the best and most concise approach to interpretation that I have found.

Helpful to Young People

ALBERT W. CLARK
Kingman, Ind.

I have college credits in Old and New Testaments and long have held the views so ably expressed by Louis Cassels in *Understanding the Bible.*

I like the introductory statement: "Thus, it traces man's growing comprehension of the nature of God." Articles like this help inquiring minds to continue to grow in appreciation of the nature of God. Are reprints available? I should like to use them for church school.

Because this article was excerpted from a book copyrighted by another publisher, TOGETHER *cannot provide reprints of it, but we can mention the book again. It's* Your Bible *(Doubleday, $4.50), and it is scheduled to be published this spring.*—EDITORS

He Likes Conciseness

HERBERT A. TOMPKINS
Kalamazoo, Mich.

The article *Understanding the Bible* by Louis Cassels in the December, 1966, issue is clear, concise, and timely.

Wesley Would Disagree

RICHARD H. PEIK, *Pastor*
Methodist Church
Black Earth, Wis.

Perhaps it should be pointed out that Louis Cassels' conclusion concerning the authority and inspiration of Scriptures is not shared by John Wesley. Mr. Wesley said in his Sermon XII, *The Means of Grace:* "All Scripture is infallibly true." And again, in his *Journal* of August 24, 1776, he comments, "If there be any mistakes in the Bible, there may as well be a thousand. If there be one falsehood in that Book, it did not come from the God of truth." Dr. Edward H. Sugden, editor of *The*

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Standard Sermons of John Wesley, says, "Wesley believed this in the strictest sense."

Mr. Cassels' view, which presupposes that "scientific knowledge or common sense" is the ultimate criterion for truth, must be taken for what it is: a 20th-century "god" that is shared by neither the Scriptures themselves nor the Protestant reformers.

Lay Ministry Fills Gap

JOHN B. OMAN, *Pastor*
Wesley Methodist Church
Minneapolis, Minn.

Allow me to react to these words from *The Program Is Challenge* [January, page 25]: "Because the typical parish minister has limited time to give to a counseling ministry, Dr. Corson has urged that denominational leaders create 'ministers at large' whose sole function would be 'to help people.'"

If I did not know Lynn Corson so well, I might interpret him as suggesting that we ought to have two kinds of ministers—those who "do the work of the church" and those who "help people."

When I first came to Wesley Church 12 years ago, I received so many calls from persons with problems that I, too, lacked time to counsel them. But we have met the challenge with a lay ministry.

We now have 73 committed persons enrolled in our lay apostolate. They are trained by professors of psychiatry and psychology from the University of Minnesota to work with literally hundreds of troubled individuals. They deal with problems of marriage, family, emotional use of money, gambling, alcoholism, homosexuality, criminosis, and just plain loneliness.

Because of this lay ministry, we never have to say no to anyone asking help. What we are doing, others can do!

Exposure of Attitudes Needed

ROBERT MARTINDALE,
Student Pastor
Lambertville, N.J.

In your December, 1966, issue you published a letter which criticized the number of trivial letters you print. [See *Too Many Trivial Letters,* page 72.]

I also find trivial letters disturbing, but letters of this nature serve to illuminate the problems encountered in bringing about a conservative-liberal dialogue. How more effectively could the unreflective attitudes of certain fundamentalist and conservative groups be expressed than through publication of these letters?

Exposing these views is one of the greatest steps toward liberalization that the magazine can take.

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